



# THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 9 Dec. 1959

PRETTIES FOR PRESENTS



Collectors'  
guide  
to 'Choicest'  
tea-ware

# Bristol

by WOLF MANKOWITZ



Teapot marked '2' in gold.  
Decoration and gilding by  
William Stephens, circa 1772.

ALTHOUGH soft-paste porcelain was made from about 1749 to 1752 at Redcliffe Backs, few pieces survive and many items attributed to the early Bristol factory are, in fact, of the period post 1752, when it was amalgamated with Worcester.

Bristol revived when William Cookworthy moved there from Plymouth in 1770 and began the manufacture of hard-paste porcelain. His associate, Richard Champion, took over both his porcelain patent and his business in 1773. Champion's porcelain was strong and elegant and his useful wares ranged from cottage china to elaborate tea-services and Sèvres-style *cabarets*.

Amongst the distinguished tea-ware produced by Champion's Bristol factory are teapots of inverted pear shape with double curve handles. Decoration: floral sprays, sometimes with angular spiky foliage. Typical colours: leaf green and clear deep red.

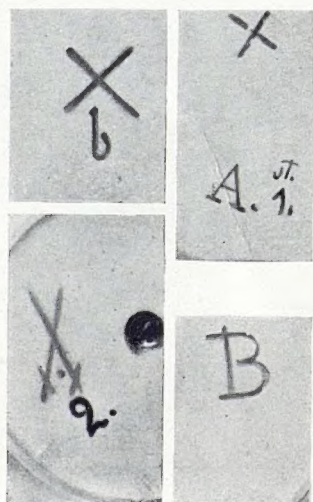
The most accomplished artists at the Bristol factory were Henry Bone

and William Stephens, who were both enrolled as apprentices to Champion on January 20th, 1772. Their more important pieces were marked 1 and 2 respectively, often in gold, and in conjunction with the factory mark, a cross, B or scrip b, or crossed swords.

Champion failed to secure an extension of his patent and was obliged to cease manufacture in 1778. In February 1780 there was a three day sale in London, and all remaining pieces were finally sold at Bristol in May 1782. The tea-ware of Bristol's eight years of production is therefore rare and of the choicest quality.

**NOTE TO COLLECTORS** Not so rare perhaps, but equally choice in its own field is Brooke Bond 'Choicest' tea. This fragrant blend of Ceylon and Assam teas will make a worthy partner to your Bristol China should you be fortunate enough either to possess or to find a few pieces. At 2/- per quarter 'Choicest' is undoubtedly the best value in tea today.

The items illustrated are from the  
Peter Stephens Collection.



Sucrier superbly gilded with cover surmounted by elaborate flower decoration in biscuit—marked '2' in gold. Gilding by William Stephens, circa 1775.



Teacup, saucer and spoon from the Ludlow service. Decoration, probably by Henry Bone, included the Coat of Arms of Ludlow of Campden. Circa 1776.



## Case in brief

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## Lace in detail

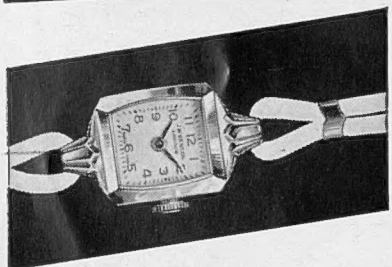
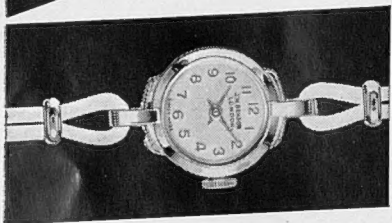
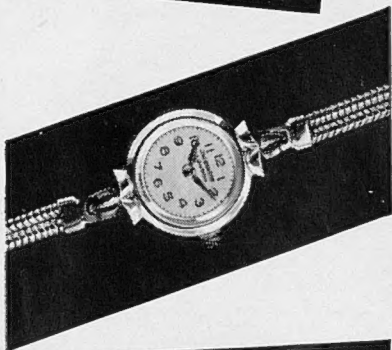
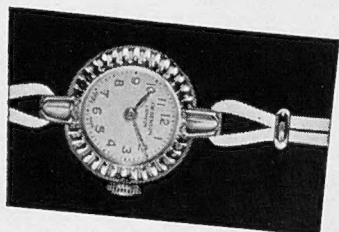
Green lace figures strongly in this strapless dress by Ricci Michaels—over an underskirt of primrose net. Other evidence much in favour: cunningly stiffened bustline . . . stunningly bunched waistline, with a contrasting cummerbund of dark green organza. Accessories? Shoes innocently pointed, gloves wickedly long.



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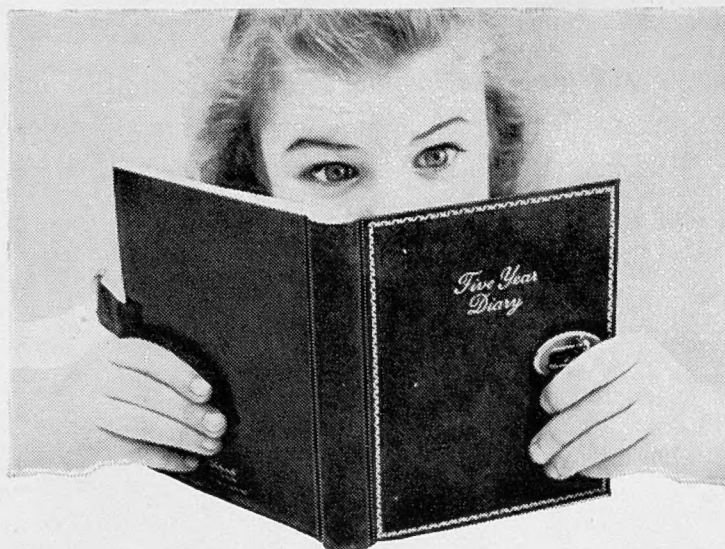


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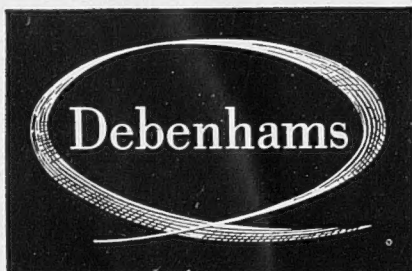
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## GOING PLACES

compiled by John Mann

**S**TATISTICS show, that despite the supposed shyness of husbands and lovers, the trade in frillies is at its heaviest at Christmastime—and surely women aren't giving them to each other? So this week's COVER FEATURE (pages 614-620) provides a legitimate occasion for men to study lingerie, since it is devoted to *Pretties for presents*. The photographs are a complete break with the bedroom tradition—Michel Molinare took them outdoors in gorgeous Grecian settings.

If the world of fashion is a mystery that intrigues men, Tom Brown's schooldays are certainly a mystery that intrigues women. The Winchester brand is examined by Roger Hill, himself an Old Wykehamist. New boys will soon be returning home as fully-fledged Wykehamists, but pages 609 to 613 show what confronted them in their *First Days at Winchester*. . . Tradition is equally powerful in the unlikely places, as Prince Philip no doubt found during his visit to what used to be the Gold Coast. On page 605 to 607 Erik Wiget presents some *Glimpses of Ghana* similar to what the Prince saw. . . Back in the British winter, Mary Macpherson sends some wry reflections from the hunting field, *Give a horse a good name* (page 608). This has nothing to do with . . . *High Kicks for Low Tension* on pages 623 to 625, which is all about exercising to relax.

*Next week:* The price of being precious. . . The midnight oil burns for Aladdin. . . Holkham Hall's own pottery. . .

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OUT OF  
DOORS

**Rugby: Third Test Match, England v. Australia**, Wigan, Lanes, 12 December.

**Grouse shooting ends**, 10 December.

## MUSICAL

**Covent Garden Opera.** First night, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *I Pagliacci*, 7.30 p.m., 16 December. (cov 1066.)

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Copélia* (Antoinette Sibley), 12 December. Season of full-length ballet starts with *Ondine* (Fonteyn), 18 December. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

**Gala Week of Italian Opera**, Adelphi Theatre. *La Bohème* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, 7.30 p.m. Matinée, 2.30 p.m., Sat. 14-19 December. (TEM 7611.)

**Sadler's Wells Opera.** *Tannhäuser* (first night) tonight; *Hänsel and Gretel*, 15 December; *The Merry Widow*, 17 December. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

**City of Bath Bach Choir.** *Carols by Candlelight*, Bath. 15-17 December.

## ART

**Hogarth to Picasso.** Recent acquisitions, Tooth's Gallery, Bruton St. 9.30 a.m.-6 p.m., Saturday, 9.30 a.m.-1 p.m. To 12 December.

**Jacques Lipchitz sculptures** at the Tate Gallery, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Tues., Thurs., 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Sunday, 2-6 p.m. To 16 December.

## EXHIBITIONS

**British Sailor Exhibition** (to 23 December), and **500 Books For Children Exhibition** (to 2 January ex. 9 December). National Book League, Albemarle St.

**Schoolboys' Own Exhibition**, Olympia, 28 December to 9 January.

CHARITY  
EVENTS

**Twelfth Night Ball**, the Dorchester, 6 January. Tickets, £2 10s. each., from the Hon. Treasurer, Miss V. Allen, 227 Edgware Rd., W.2. (For the Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons.)

**Contemporary Artists Exhibition** at Brantham Hall Studio, Manningtree, Essex, in aid of the Ryder Cheshire Foundation. To 21 December.

HUNT  
BALLS

**Marlborough College Beagles**, 15 December; **Ashford Valley** (Tudor House, Beasted), 18 December;

**Warwickshire** (Shire Hall, Warwick), 19 February.

FIRST  
NIGHTS

**Lyric, Hammersmith.** *The Demon Barber*, 10 December.

**Mermaid.** *Treasure Island*, 14 December.

**Coliseum.** *Aladdin*, 17 December.

**Scala.** *Peter Pan*, 18 December.

**Palace.** *Sooty's Christmas Show* (matinées), 19 December.

**Olympia.** *Bertram Mills Circus*, 18 December.

PRAISED  
PLAYS

*From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 626.*

**The World Of Suzie Wong.** " . . . an idyll working itself out to a foregone conclusion . . . Oriental glamour . . . spectacular interludes. Miss Tsai Chin is direct, unsentimental and enormously vivacious. . . ." Tsai Chin, Gary Raymond. (Prince of Wales Theatre, WHI 8681.)

HARO



**The Aspern Papers.** " . . . an evening of rare and curious pleasures . . . holds the audience from start to finish." Michael Redgrave, Flora Robson, Beatrix Lehmann. (Queen's Theatre, REG 1166.)

FANCIED  
FILMS

*From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 627.*

G.R. = General release

**Charmants Garçons.** " . . . entirely enchanting . . . extremely funny . . . a light, leisurely film." Zizi Jeanmaire, Daniel Gelin, Gert Froebe. (Academy Cinema, GER 2981.)

**North West Frontier.** " . . . splendidly exciting . . . I do not think you will find a more enjoyable or satisfying film anywhere." Kenneth More, Lauren Bacall, Herbert Lom. (G.R.)



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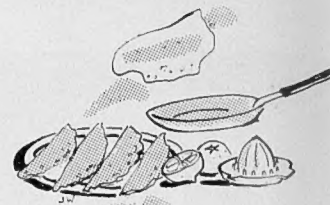
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## When in London



### JOHN BAKER WHITE'S GOOD-EATING GUIDE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

**Chez Solange**, 35 Cranbourn Street. C.S. (TEM 0542.) Rene Rochan, who does quite a lot of his own cooking, comes from Montargis, near Orleans, and his wife Thérèse from the edge of the "Pays de Bresse." The combination ensures admirable cooking, including a *terrine maison*, an extremely special chicken dish, *côté de veau Provençale*, and the like. Their other, and original establishment, of the same name—which is that of their daughter—is in the

**White House**, Albany Street. (EUS 1200, Ext. 14.) C.S. The room is as plain as that of a French provincial restaurant, but the food just as good. The Cranbourn Street establishment is open after the theatre. W.B. both.

**La Belle Meunière**, 5 Charlotte Street. (MUS 4975.) C.S. Mario and Gaspar are master-craftsmen working with first-class materials. Wisely they do not worry about an over-elaborate décor, but plenty about their admirable food and wines. A lot of very pleasant people are obviously aware of this fact. Not cheap but excellent value. W.B.

**Les Gourmets**, Chelsea Cloisters, Sloane Avenue, Chelsea. (KNT 8068.) C.S. and dinner on Saturdays. Quite new. Plenty of room. Comfortable. Swift and friendly service. Good *table d'hôte* dinner for 12s. 6d. *A la carte* specialities include *scampi* and *Steak Diane*, both well above average. Unobtrusive piano music at dinner.

**Sorrento**, 32 Old Compton Street. (GER 1535.) Small, but adequate space between tables. Good Mediterranean cooking, but not for impatient clock-watchers. The quality of the meat is outstanding. Well known to a number of discerning M.P.s. Not expensive.

**Grosvenor Hotel**, Victoria. (VIC 9494.) Outside a club a good cold table is difficult to find, but they have got it here, though a Stilton and some Cox's apples would be welcome additions. The cold beef and ham are always good. Also a good fish chef. W.B. lunch.

**Walton Grill**, Walton Street, Chelsea. (KEN 6523.) C.S. Same direction as Chez Luba, but much,

much less expensive. Small, functional, but comfortable. Useful for young people with limited incomes. W.B. lunch.

**Pastoria Hotel Restaurant**, St. Martin's Street, W.C.2. (WHI 8641.) C.S. Adrian Pastori, like his father before him, regards cooking as an art. On Thursdays what I believe is the best steak-and-kidney pudding in London is on the menu. There are several other outstanding specialities, including an extremely good *sole maison*.

**Maison Basque**, 11 Dover Street, (REG 2651.) C.S. The number of restaurants in London that a Frenchman would describe as "intime" becomes regrettably fewer each year. Years ago I said the Maison Basque was an ideal place to take a pretty woman who enjoyed food and wine. I say it again.

**Café Royal Restaurant**, 38 Regent Street, W.1. (WHI 2373.) C.S. The Café Royal cellars are among the finest in London. At one time the restaurant was not up to their standard, but Mr. Amanca has made it his especial care, with satisfactory results. The grillroom alone retains the old décor. It is good, and full of nostalgic memories for the over-fifties. W.B. The grillroom is open on Sundays.

**Samuel Whitbread**, Leicester Sq. (TRA 2412.) C.S. Some years ago Whitbreads published an admirable book, *Receipts and Relishes*, listing famous traditional and regional dishes. This restaurant now provides many of these dishes, and well cooked, too. The menu usually includes potted grouse, Judges Circuit soup, Cromwellian boiled fowl, and star-gazy pie. It is the only place, outside the brewery, where one can drink the splendid Britannia Bitter. W.B.

**Chez Gaston**, 36 Buckingham Palace Road. (VIC 4974.) W.B. lunch. This establishment, bar upstairs and restaurant below, has both good cooking and a friendly, cheerful staff who go out of their way to make you happy. The Italian cooking is, in my opinion, some of the best in London. *Minestrone*, *Caneloni*, *Scampi Maison* and *Zabaglione* are excellent. Children are welcome.





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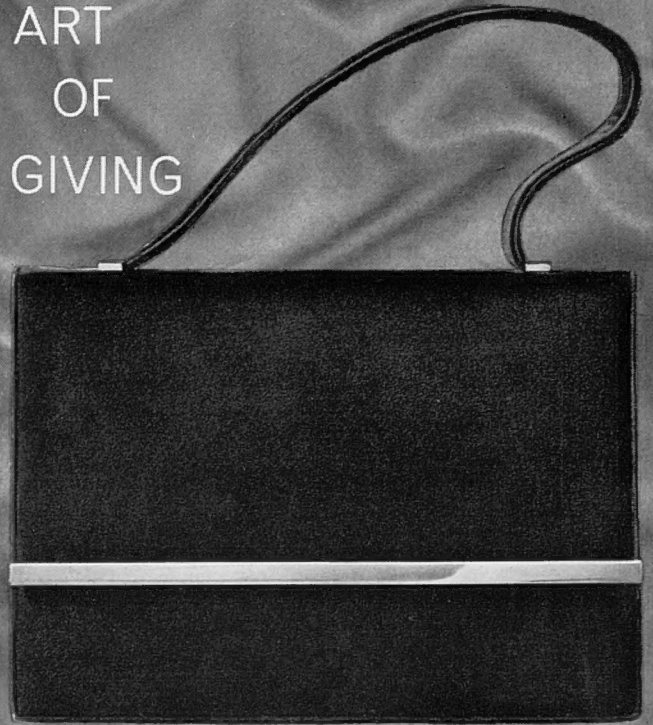
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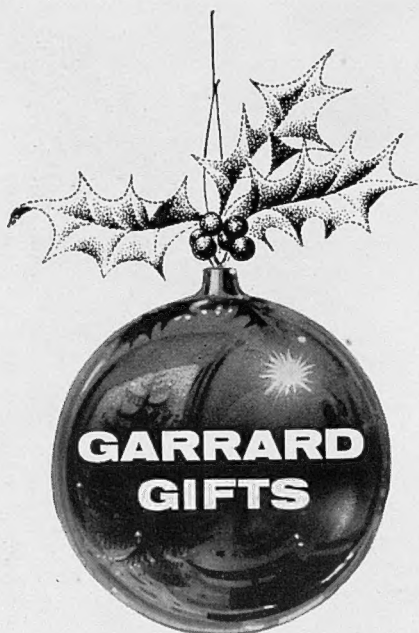


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## ENGAGEMENTS

**Miss Philippa Mary Inch to Lieutenant W. J. Foster, Royal Marines.** *She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. V. Inch, Ridley House, Les Damouettes Lane, Guernsey. He is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. Denys Foster, La Collinette, Guernsey, Channel Isles*



**Miss Jacqueline Jill Harris to the Hon. Nicholas Assheton.** *She is the daughter of Marshall of the R.A.F., Sir Arthur Harris, Bt., & Lady Harris, The Ferry House, Goring-on-Thames. He is the younger son of Lord and Lady Clitheroe*



**Miss Julia Sandra Lewis to Maj. Barnard James (Bay) Hodgson, The Royal Dragoons.** *She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. A. S. Lewis, D.S.O., & Mrs. Lewis, of Alkham, Kent. He is the younger son of the late Brig. W. T. Hodgson, D.S.O., M.C., and of Mrs. Hodgson, of Fritwell, Bicester, Oxfordshire*



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**Harries—Barrington:** Rosemary, only daughter of Maj. & Mrs. R. L. Harries of Chardstock, Devon, married Jeremy Michael Barrington, 17/21 Lancers, only son of Brig. Guy Barrington, Turin, & Mrs. Barrington, of Hawkechurch, Devon, at St. Mary's, Bridgwater

## WEDDINGS



**Petch—Garrett:** Jill, only daughter of Major Leslie Petch, Master of the Cleveland Foxhounds, and Mrs. Petch, Liverton Grange, Loftus, Saltburn, Yorkshire, married Graham, second son of Mr. & Mrs. P. H. Garrett, of St. Julian's Farm Road, London, S.E.27, at St. Michael's, Liverton



**Hardy—Goodlet:** Susan, daughter of General Sir Campbell Hardy, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., & Lady Hardy, Bush Lane House, Haslemere, Surrey, married Mr. Paul Goodlet, Royal Marines, elder son of Dr. B. L. Goodlet, O.B.E., & Mrs. Goodlet, of Quainton, Leics, at Haslemere Parish Church



**Byass—Young:** Nichola Mary Maxwell, only daughter of Mr. D. R. N. Byass, of Victoria, British Columbia, and of Mrs. Byass, Passfield Corner, near Liphook, Hants, married Donald, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. B. S. Young, of Troon, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy



**Williams—Carey-Evans:** Annwen, eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Williams, of Llanerchymedd, Anglesey, married David, son of the late Sir Thomas Carey-Evans, M.C., & of Lady Olwen Carey-Evans, Criccieth, at the Congregational chapel, Llanerchymedd



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## A day's shooting in Norfolk bags 678

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARRY SWAEBE



*The shoot was held at Pickenham Hall, Swaffham, home of Mr. & Mrs. Guy Moreton (seen with their labrador Biscuit). They were hosts to six guns who,*



*in a day of seven drives—five in the morning and two in the afternoon—bagged 678 pheasant. At right: waiting for the start of the Road Stand drive*



## A day's shooting in Norfolk

*continued*



*The game cart, pulled by a gaily bedecked farmhorse, has a full load at the end of the day.*



*Taking aim, Mr. Joseph Nickerson is watched by his wife. They have an estate at Rolhwell in Lincolnshire.*



*Need some more cartridges? Mr. Henry Martineau makes sure of his spares. He came over from Saham Hall, which is at nearby Walton.*



*Back with some of the spoils: Mr. Joseph Nickerson and Mrs. Joseph Nickerson.*





*Secelling string, which stops birds running out of cover, is gathered afterwards by Mr. Cook, former head gamekeeper*



*A bird is retrieved from the Wissj*



*Eric Bailey cross the River which runs through the estate*



*Searching among the thick dead bracken for fallen pheasants, Mr. Eric Bailey, one of the guns (he lives near Cheltenham), is helped by the dogs*



*The count after the Eleven Acre drive. There was general satisfaction, as leaves often obscured vision*



# A weekend with Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's Hunt

BY MURIEL BOWEN

**B**OOTH IN THE BALLROOM and over the posts-and-rails, Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's Hunt provided me with a walloping good weekend. It was a bit alarming, though, to start. All the cars at the meet, held at Cherry Hill in Cheshire, had their back seats so piled with clothing that they looked like the advance guard of an Antarctic expedition.

"Oh, it's just the brooks," said Lady Williams-Wynn, in gleaming top hat and black side-saddle habit with the primrose collar of the hunt. "There are lots of brooks in this part of the country and though they're not very deep they can be very wet. So we always bring changes of clothing just in case. . . ."

With their dry clothing so near at hand (mine was 30 miles away) I could understand why the assembled riders looked eager. There were 85 of them to greet Sir Watkin and the other joint-Masters, Sir Guy Lowther, who is a nephew of the Pytchley's senior Master, and Mr. Bob Matson, who, with his wife, has been the inspiring force behind this Hunt for the past ten years.

Our host at the meet, Col. David Bateson, was down with 'flu, but hospitality was lavishly dispensed by Mrs. Bateson round the log fire in the oak-panelled drawing-room. The assembled riders included Mr. Philip Warburton-Lee (a son of the late Capt. Bernard Warburton-Lee, first V.C. of World War II), Col. Jack Grubb, Ruth Lady Lowther, Mrs. David Kerr-Wilson—a pretty blonde who had the job of going along behind and shutting all the gates for the day—Miss Marigold Graham, Major Ian Castle (who is

*continued on page 603*



*Followers and watchers of all ages turned out for the Hunt Ball Meet, near Malpas in Cheshire*



*A full field as the hunt moves off*



*Captain Peter Ormerod and Lady Williams-Wynn. Her husband is also Master of the Flint & Denbigh*



*Mrs. Robert McAlpine, whose husband is a grandson of the late Sir Alfred MacAlpine*





PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUSTLER

Major Bill Martin, a former well-known show jumper, now commands the military police at Chester



There were 80 followers at the first covert



The hounds gathered round the huntsman, Mr C. Wilkin, before the hunt moved off



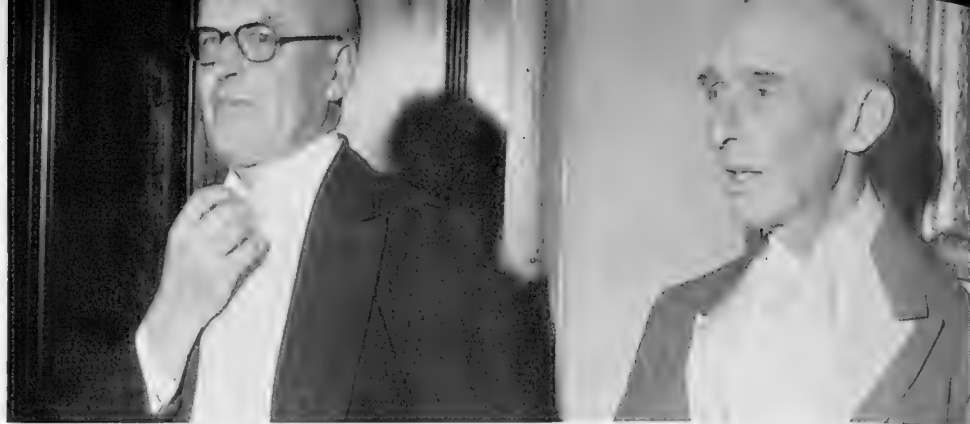
Miss Margaret Usher, and Mrs. D. N. Reid (who could not ride as her horse was lame)



Louisa Warburton-Lee, Miss Ann Calvert, Jenny Warburton-Lee and Miss Virginia Holcroft



# Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's Hunt Ball



*The Hunt Ball was held at Cefn Park, home of racehorse-owning Colonel Roddy Fenwick-Palmer seen (right) with Colonel Duncan Robertson, who came from nearby Llantysilio Hall, Llangollen*

Tom Hustler



*The Hon. Clodagh Morris dancing with Captain Michael Hadfield. Right: Mr. & Mrs. Sandy Grant, who live in Shropshire. Mr. Grant, a director of Barclays Bank, wears the scarlet and green uniform of the Old Tarporley Hunt Club, the oldest hunt club in the world*



*Mr. Martin Bates with Miss Frances Bateson*

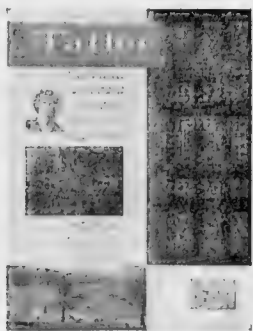


*Miss Susan Stanford & Capt. Peter Wainwright*



*Mr. W. N. Tate and Miss FitzRoy*





## Have you seen this Christmas special?

Many of the writers who give so much pleasure in *The TATLER* also contribute to the special Christmas Number, on sale now at 3s. 6d. There is *Mary Macpherson* with an irresistibly funny article on thank-you letters; *Siriol Hugh-Jones*, changing her ground, on religious art; *Pamela Vandyke Price* giving knowing advice on wines; and *Francis Kinsman* with some contemporary carols. It's an issue with plenty of novelty, too—an unusual short story by *L. P. Hartley*, a new dice game, and some lively suggestions for party games. *W. H. Smith's* or other bookstalls can send it to friends abroad for you (post 6d.) or you can order direct from the Circulation Manager here

### MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

shortly off to the 6th Field Regiment in Germany), and **Brigadier Llewellyn Gwydyr-Jones** on his stylish dappled grey "Fastnet." It was an interesting field of old families, soldiers, and sporting farmers.

There was no fox at the bottom of the lawn. "Don't worry, you'll find one over the hill," said **Sir Hendrie Oakshott, Bt., M.P.** He was right. But then **Sir Hendrie**—he's **Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's** new Parliamentary Private Secretary—used to live at Cherry Hill and he knows the ways and wiles of foxes round there as if they were his constituents.

Hounds streaked across a grassy expanse of countryside. The posts-and-rails were pretty thick to start with. I saw **Brigadier David Block**, who commands the Oswestry Garrison, go over them great guns on a four-year-old. But a man on a grey had his top hat hung up on a tree. Then the Grafton Brook one of those bogey fences, loomed up. Two riders got a wetting—the rest were over safely. **Miss Essex Cholmondeley** and her friend **Miss Cynthia Graham Menzies**, the Scottish three-day event rider, were going brilliantly, and **Mr. F. J. Humphreys**, who had been having a gay ride earlier, now moved quietly to the front on his famous hunter-chaser "Happy Morn." Then a hefty torn fence buttressed up with timber. Some hesitation here. "Go on, General!" shouted somebody, and **Major-Gen. Peter de Havilland**—a visitor from the East Essex Hunt—showed us the way there.

Twenty minutes now, and hounds and horses still flat out. Next came the choice of fences—the head of a black-and-gold iron bedstead in a gap, or a post-and-rail. The **Hon. David Nall-Cain**, in well-cut swallowtail, went over the bedstead. But **Lady Lowther** and **Mrs. Saxon Tate**—both very smart with matching navy-blue coats and breeches—went for the post-and-rail. Trouble at the next fence. A bay horse pirouetted on his hind legs, throwing his scarlet-coated rider. Nobody seemed to risk another mud bath, but undaunted **Mrs. Duncan Robertson** on her bustling piebald had a go and everybody scrambled after her.

From start to finish it was 25 minutes without a check, with a kill as the fox neared the covert where he was found. An exciting day, a gallop on grass all the way, and every bit as memorable as a Monday in Leicestershire with the Quorn.

The night before, it was horses to their straw beds while riders went to the hunt ball at Cefn Park, the Wrexham home of **Col. Roddy Fenwick-Palmer**. This was a lively affair. The champagne bubbled, and the band played long into the night. **Mrs. Peter Ormrod** and **Miss Jane Egerton-Warburton**, the organizers, had every reason to feel pleased. Throughout the evening there was a clutter of young—and not so young—on the dance floor. The young included **Mr. & Mrs. Keith Rae**, who said the Cheshire have had some red-letter days lately, **Miss Mary Fetherstonhaugh** dancing with her cousin

**Mr. John Lowther** (who was up from London for some shooting), **Miss Pat Moseley**, and **Miss Sarah Reid**. **Miss Reid**, the enterprising and businesslike daughter of **Mr. & Mrs. David Reid**, worked her way through Africa as a nannie, last year, hunting as she went. In Kenya they nicknamed her "the Galloping Nannie."

In the candlelit dining-room I met many supporters of the hunt, which covers a large tract of Denbigh, Flint, Shropshire, and Cheshire. The **Duchess of Westminster**, one of the finest women riders to hounds in the world, told me that she was bitterly disappointed that she was going to miss the meet next day as she had to open a fair in Chester. "I don't know why fair organizers and Masters of Foxhounds don't put their heads together and arrange their doings at mutually convenient times," she said to **Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn**. **Sir Watkin** wasn't exactly sympathetic. He said she would be in time to hunt if she opened the fair booted and spurred.

Other guests were **Col. & Mrs. G. E. FitzHugh**, **Mr. & Mrs. Dempster**, **Col. & Mrs. Tim Gibbs** (up from Gloucestershire for a few day's shooting), the **Dowager Lady Williams-Wynn**, **Comdr. & Mrs. Hugh Heaton** of the Flint & Denbigh Hunt, and **Major James Friend**, who hunts with the Quorn, and **Mrs. Friend**. **Major Friend** tells me that he has now sold his house at Christchurch and severed all connections with the controversial Bournemouth & Christchurch

*continued overleaf*

### BRIGGS by Graham





## AT THE FORUM CLUB'S THANKSGIVING LUNCHEON



Mrs. F. A. Harrison and Miss Ruth Daniells before the lunch



Lord Birkett, the guest of honour, & Mrs. F. Thompson-Schwab



Mrs. M. Donville-Lowndes and Comdr. F. L. Garrett, U.S. Navy

## MURIEL BOWEN continued

Tories, whose Parliamentary candidate he was until his resignation last year.

There were many pretty women but the dancers who captured all eyes were Col. Tony Dewhurst and Mr. "Sandy" Grant (who is a director of Barclays Bank) in the uniform of the Tarporely Hunt Club—scarlet coats, moss-green waistcoats and breeches, green silk hose, and silver buckled shoes.

## CANADIAN CAPERS

In London the social spotlight has been focused on the other side of the Atlantic. The Canadians had their smartly dressed and gay Maple Leaf Ball, over which Countess Alexander of Tunis presided. For the Americans there have been a whole series of Thanksgiving Day luncheons and dinners with roast turkey and cranberry sauce. It's amazing how these Thanksgiving Dinners have increased as the number of Americans in London goes up and up. A couple of years ago there was only one big one; now virtually every large hotel has one.

Shimmering Maple Leaves, some in emerald and some in scarlet, decorated the golden

walls of the Dorchester ballroom for the Maple Leaf Ball. Admiring them, and taking part in a gay evening's entertainment were Sir Percy & Lady Rugg and their daughter Philippa, Lord & Lady Ellenborough, Col. & Mrs. C. Warren Ball, Mr. & Mrs. Wingfield Digby, and Mr. & Mrs. "Ted" Leather.

Mr. Leather, who recently made headlines by denouncing certain operations in the City, told me that he's got a huge fan mail as a result. "I've got letters from all sorts of people, most of them agreeing with me," he said. He wants to tighten, "all sorts of loopholes," in the Companies Act and he's hopeful that the Government will speed up its plans and carry out amendments within the next two years.

The Canadian High Commissioner & Mrs. George Drew (she very elegant in a gown of white satin embroidered with pearls and bugle beads) were at Lady Alexander's table. So too were Dr. & Mrs. J. H. Dunn, and Sir Beverley & Lady Baxter. The Drews went to Canada last year for Christmas, but this year they will be staying in London. The Baxters are off next week to spend Christmas in Nassau with Viscount & Viscountess Kemsley, who have recently bought Lord Beaverbrook's villa there.

The Baxters will pay their fares, but Sir Derek Greenaway will be luckier the next time he wants to holiday abroad. He won the first prize in the raffle. "They offered me a winter cruise for one," he told me, "or a return trip to Cherbourg for two by Cunard. I'm taking the trip to Cherbourg."

The ball was organized for the Canadian Women's Club in London and was a benefit for its charitable projects.

Lord Birkett, that prince among after-dinner speakers, let an interesting cat out of the bag when he spoke at a Thanksgiving Day luncheon. He said America was the source of many of his best after-dinner stories. Every time he crosses the Atlantic he brings back some new ones, he told the Anglo-American Section of the Forum Club, which is presided over by Mrs. F. Thompson-Schwab. Trouble is that he has only to use them once and other people take them up.

He mentioned one he got from Mr. Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the United States, à propos of speech makers who are not careful: "The whale is never in danger of being harpooned unless he comes to the surface to spout." Commented Lord Birkett: "Though I never heard it before I must have heard it at half a dozen dinners within a fortnight after I used it. Even Mr. Macmillan used it—I suppose he has a vigilant secretary looking out for this sort of thing for him."

## THE IDEAL OPENER

So many Christmas fairs that the wonder is there are enough ladies bountiful—or beautiful—to open them all. Of those I've heard in action I thought that Mrs. Christopher Soames, who is of course Sir Winston & Lady Churchill's youngest daughter, made the best job of it when she opened a Tory fair at the Fulham Town Hall. She's got warmth and charm, plus a nice turn of phrase. Few women look, and sound, so good on a platform.

Earlier Mrs. Evelyn de la Motte, the candidate who turned Fulham into a marginal seat at the General Election, gave a buffet luncheon at her home in Evelyn Gardens for Mrs. Soames. Lady Cullen of Ashbourne was there, and so were Mrs. John White, Mrs. Seton Forbes-Cockell, and Miss Phyllis Egerton. Mrs. Elizabeth Clive and Mrs. Colin Groves talked about their daughters who are much the same age. Miss Mary Groves is now modelling for Charles Creed and Miss Caroline Clive—a tall, slim dark girl with huge dark eyes—is designing clothes. "Her friends keep asking where they can buy them," said her mother. "But she only designs for women of my age who've got awkward figures."

To be the success that this one was, a fair needs more than charm and fine phrases. I liked Dame Regina Evans's greeting (from the platform) for Margery Lady Hacking. "So nice to see you with us Lady Hacking, and I do hope you brought your purse."

## AT THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE SOCIETY'S DINNER



Mrs. Tim Sandeman, whose husband is the port wine shipper



Lady Cullen of Ashbourne (her husband has mining interests)



The Portuguese Ambassador and Madame Abranches Pinto

The Anglo-Portuguese Society hold a dinner annually. This year it was at the Savoy, and the Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Kilmuir were guests of honour





The size of his brilliant ceremonial umbrella grades the importance of each visiting territorial chief at the welcoming Durbar. Paramount chiefs have the largest—are attended, too, by a retinue of heralds, linguists, swordbearers & drummers

# GLIMPSES OF

The Commonwealth's newest nation & scene of the Prince's visit



Accra's proud Arch of Independence marks the emergence nearly three years ago of Ghana from the Gold Coast

# GHANA

Photographs: Erik Wiget



## GLIMPSES OF GHANA

*continued*

*Right: A chieftain's house in old Accra is decorated with coats of arms & lion masks. But the makeshift corrugated iron-roofed building (below right) near the harbour is an indication of housing problems in a city whose population has soared in 30 years from less than 70,000 to a near quarter-million. Planning is now State-controlled on modern lines*



*The public letter-writer still drives a thriving trade; this one in Accra uses a typewriter. A drive for mass-literacy was launched as long ago as 1951 but more years must pass before the whole of the country's 4½ million will be able to read & write. Meanwhile Ghana's future lies with children like the boys (right) who found that the seats with the best view are high up in the tree tops*





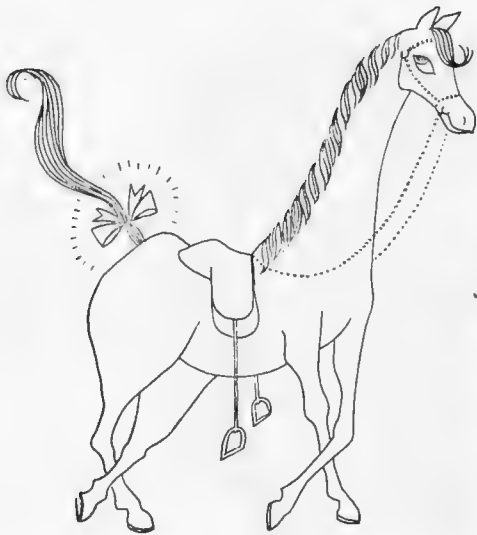
Above: Prince Philip dressed casually in open-necked shirt & slacks for a visit to an industrial plant. His hosts wore the traditional multi-coloured kente cloths. Much of Ghanaian life is a compromise between old ways & new thoughts but Accra race course where the ladies (left) were photographed remains a popular legacy of British rule



Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah is the nation's father figure & popular hero. His rule embraces a diverse people with a myriad creeds & customs. The contrasts are exemplified by the picture alongside with a procession of Presbyterian women dressed in white & (above, left) a chieftain's daughters who are forest people from the hinterland, but representative too of Ghana's nationhood







## Give a horse a good name . . .

by Mary Macpherson

WE ALL KNOW BY NOW THAT ESTATE AGENTS can inject into their advertisements an atmosphere of cheery optimism that makes the house, when you come to lay startled eyes on it, practically unrecognizable. It seems to me, though, that for sheer poetic imagination and wild flight of fantasy anyone who has a horse to get rid of leaves the average estate agent mumbling conservatively in his beard. It is this delightful imagery in the horse-dealer's mind that leads to such chaos when you actually come to ride the animal. And the point is most forcefully made during the hunting season.

It is probably true to say that you can do more awful things while out hunting than on any other social occasion. Even if you suspect, from the astounded stares of those about you, that all is not going as smoothly as it should, there'll be precious little you can do about it. For it will not be you (one assumes) who at the Meet will take fright at the sight of hounds and back catastrophically into the person carrying the drinks tray . . . nip the Master's wife sharply in the arm . . . leave your footprints over some of the best-kept flower-beds in the county. It will be one (or more—usually more) of those horses that have doubtless been described as "sweet disposition," "quiet with hounds," or "gentle." And they will live it up in the joyously extravagant way of those who know that however dreadfully they behave, someone else is going to get the curt looks.

So it will be *you* who hears the sentence that makes strong men pale beneath their healthy flush, and tough hunting women—who up to now have made Boudieca (scholarly spelling) look and sound like a fragile hypochondriac reaching petulantly for her smelling salts—bite their lip in anguish. Someone is going to put to *you* that conversational dead-end of a question: "Can't you keep that damned horse quiet?"

The witty answer that springs to your lips ("No, short of a chloroform pad, I can't") will get you nowhere, except possibly sent home. There is in fact no answer to this question apart, of course, from the basic one of making sure in the first place that no one ever shouts it at you.

You must go back to the stage when you are actually buying the horse; when an irritable-looking cob is pulled out and someone suggests that you "throw a leg over it." Even though all you want to throw over it is a cold look and the kindly veil of oblivion, by all means do so. You may gain some helpful clues to how it will behave when out hunting—because you can be sure that the lyrical way in which it was described in the advertisement will tell you nothing, except possibly that the person who is selling it should be writing commercials for television.

Horses out hunting, like husbands at a party, can be divided into four main types: Gloomy, Hysterical, Know-it-all, and Perfect.

The Gloomy horse is not so much actively embarrassing as lowering to the spirits. He will disseminate such a terrible atmosphere of disgust that you will want to take him home before you've got to the first covert. That is, of course, if you succeed in getting him out of the horse-box in the first place. He will much prefer to cower piteously at the far end of the box, asking in a low hoarse voice to be left in peace, and cringing noticeably when you approach him. When he is coaxed out, he will act in the cheery, jovial way of one who has just had a clean white bandage tied round his eyes and been given the traditional last cigarette. Any R.S.P.C.A. man who happens to be present will note with interest the shuddering sigh he gives as you mount, and the tragic way in which his knees flex under your brutish weight.

This is the type of horse often described as "quiet in traffic" or "safe with hounds."

No one is going to tell you that he is quiet and safe because he is *asleep*, and it will take more than a ten-ton lorry or a crowd of yapping hounds to wake him from his reverie. The only time he shows a flicker of emotion is when you turn his head for home. Or, more likely, when he turns his own head for home, suavely ignoring your indignant cries.

The Hysterical horse is as embarrassing as hiccups during a death-bed scene at Stratford-on-Avon, and rather more noticeable. This is the horse that can see yellow peril in every falling leaf, that can hear the last trump in every motorist's horn. He will lurch out of the horse-box as though he had had a couple of quick ones on the way, and the sight of hounds will send him into a tizzy equalled only by that of a maiden aunt who has just found a burglar under her bed. He will be described among other things as "sound in wind and limb" (nobody ventures to mention his *mind*, naturally), "Half-brother to three winners" (watch out for that inferiority complex), "Bold jumper" (show him a train and he'll make a gallant effort, but where does that get you, aside from being spread-eagled over the Coronation Scot?).

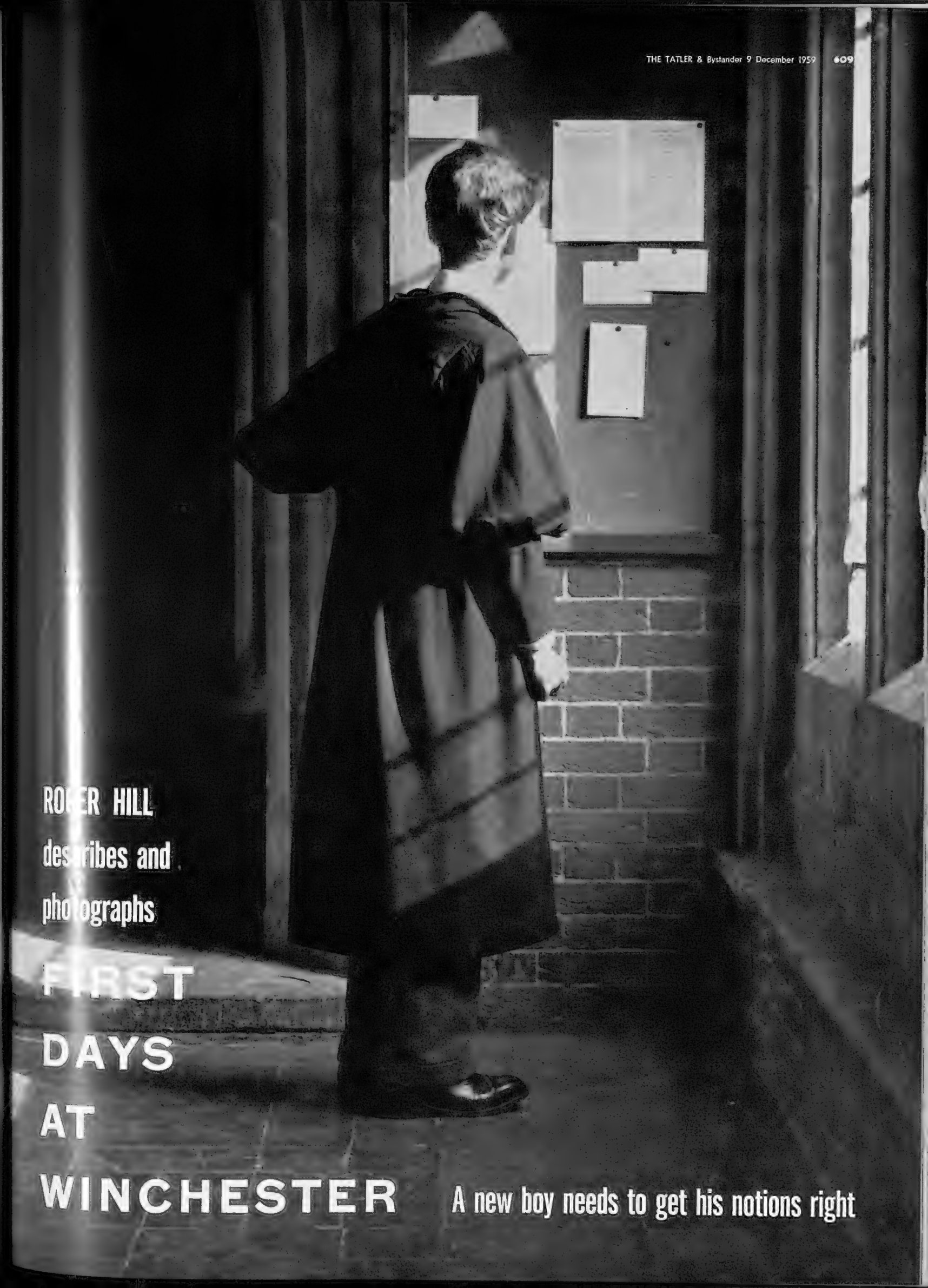
The Know-it-all horse, variously described as "hunted by first whip for four seasons" or "regularly hunted by Master's wife" is possibly the most lowering of all to your morale. He knows far too much about hunting, and everyone knows far too much about him. If you have a splendid day on him, people will say: "Good old Warrior [*this type of horse is very often called Warrior*]—never known him put a foot wrong." If on the other hand Good Old Warrior falls on his nose because he's been too busy flicking contemptuous glances back at you to look where he's going, *his* reputation will still be untarnished. "Poor old boy," they'll say, "hate to see him messed about."

He knows the country like the back of his hoof, and will listen to any suggestions you make for getting over it with an indulgent smile hovering round his bridle. He will then go ahead and do things the way the first whip used to do them. Which is quite likely not to be your way, especially if you are the kind of person who never thunders eagerly towards a great big hedge without wishing heartily the whole thing was over and you were thundering eagerly towards a great big drink.

The Perfect horse is well known. He is willing yet quiet . . . can go over country for hours yet stop at a touch of the reins . . . will stand like a monument for you to mount, and jump anything you put him at without hesitation—the pet of the family, yet absolutely tireless.

This is, of course, the loving and loyal way in which you describe your own horse.

When you're selling him.



ROGER HILL  
describes and  
photographs

FIRST  
DAYS  
AT

WINCHESTER

A new boy needs to get his notions right



# FIRST DAYS AT WINCHESTER

continued

## A GLOSSARY OF NOTIONS

*tight*, absolutely  
*non-licet*, not allowed  
*to sport a blood line*, to walk with  
more than three people  
*up to books*, to school  
*to thoke*, to be idle  
*toytime*, prep  
*jiggish*, clever  
*Div Don*, form master  
*to cropple*, to punish  
*tother*, prep school  
*pitch-up*, parent or relative  
*half*, term  
*sweat*, fag  
*our game*, Winchester College  
football



A new man (boy), wheeling his bogle (bicycle), observes dress convention by keeping all his buttons fastened. The cather (top hat), bow tie and rolled umbrella identify a school prefect



A new man watches-out for our game (acts as ball-boy and timekeeper for Winchester College Football). The game is a brand peculiar to the school, with only superficial similarities to rugger and soccer

Before bedtime juniors perform "Domum," the school song, conducted by a house prefect. They have had a fortnight to learn the words in preparation for this ceremonial rendering.



THE ONLY PEOPLE who really mind about Winchester's notions are Old Wykehamists, who mind in case they should be changed, housemasters who mind because they should be changed, and new boys (to get the notion right, *new men*). Even a social group from a masonic lodge to a club builds up its own framework of traditions, but Winchester's notions (as they are called) are famous because they are largely based on the 14th century language and customs of its foundation.

The new man, innocent from English lessons at prep school, will hear sentences like:

"It is tight non-licet to sport a blood line up to books."

"Don't thoke in toytime unless you are jiggish otherwise the Div Don will cropple you."

"What tother did your pitch-up send you to?"

But there are more notions to learn than just the language (see glossary). Which second chamber? What are the St. Virgins? Whereabouts in the town are other houses? Who is the housemaster? Freddie? Who is the captain of football? Who is the Jacker? What were the nicknames of the housemaster in 1920? Who is the cathedral organist? Describe boat-club colours. What notion is it to wear a spotted tie on Sunday?

Are you bewildered? The new man certainly is. He has only a fortnight in which to learn all these and to find new friends and to perform the usual functions of school life. A *tégé* (guide) normally one half (one term senior, is appointed to help him and to implant long lists of facts into his memory. At the end of the fortnight comes an examination and a ceremonial singing of the school song (surprisingly the chorus starts "*Domum domum dulce domum*."). Thereafter the new man will begin to know the notions he has learnt, will begin to sweat, to play our game. He will find that notions give him status as a Wykehamist even if to begin with it is not a very comfortable or exalted one.

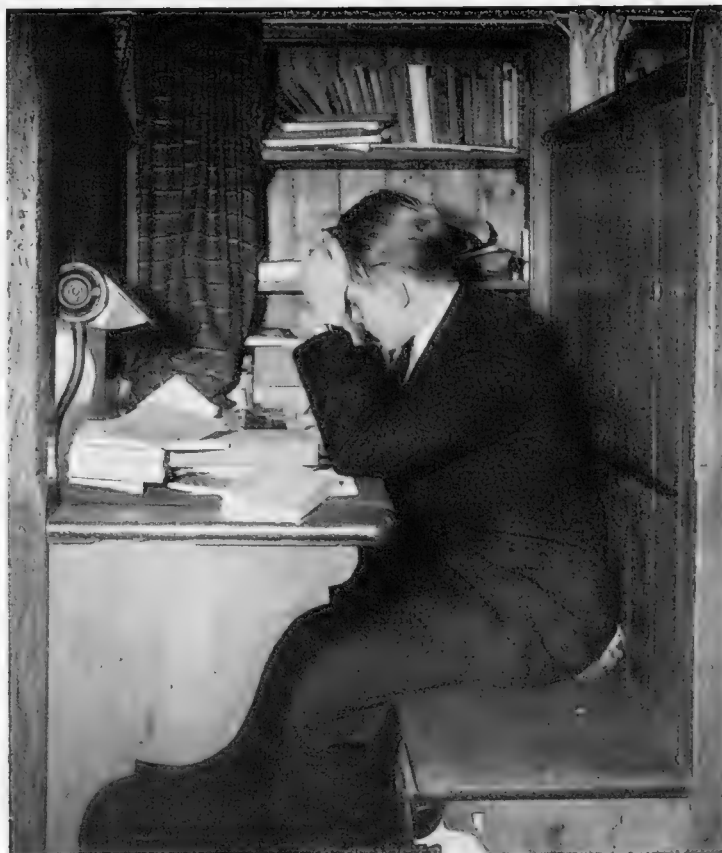
Juniors come running (opposite) at the "Junior!" which summons them to do some work for a prefect. The sweat may include brewing (usually tea and toast), as seen below. A boy must have been three years in this particular house (Kingsgate)







# FIRST DAYS AT WINCHESTER continued



*There are no studies, and a man mugs in his toys (prep cubicle). As in so many boarding-schools, privacy is found only through introspection. The activity at right is known as going up to books (to class), and the knowing method is to time arrival to coincide with that of the Div Don (form master)*



Trick question (liable to crop up in  
the notions exam): How many faces has  
the chapel clock? Answer: None.  
The clock only chimes



Notions exam is held in the dormitory and conducted by a house prefect. A prefect may wear a moustache (that's a notion) and anyone with three years' seniority may wear a hat indoors (another notion, but it varies from house to house). The prefect's cane, which serves as baton and pointer as well as for chastisement, is called a willy. Below: Tubs, not baths, are the notion







Luxury lingerie makes a Christmas morning winner, especially if its pristine white nylon marquisette, punctuated with tiers and lacy bands. The dreamy negligée covers a double-layered matching

nightdress (modelled here, as in all the other pictures, by Marla Searafia). Negligée: 9 gns., nightdress: 8 gns. Both at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Corder's, Ipswich

*Pretties for presents*

*The Greeks probably had a word (unrecorded) for frillies. They still have the finest settings in which to display them. Michel Molinare photographed this dreamy selection of Christmas lingerie gifts outdoors among the legendary islands of the Peloponnese during the mellow, softly-lit period of the winter solstice which the ancients called the balcyon days*

Off-beat pairing: grey over pink for a Victorian flavour negligée in today's nylon net. Tier upon tier of lacy coverage for a matching night-

dress, 8 gns., negligée: £12 17s. 6d. By Elizabeth Hayes, at Woollands; Pettigrew & Stephens, Glasgow; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham





*Pretties for  
presents*  
continued



Shortie nightdress for a teenager in two layers of nylon chiffon, the outer printed with huge pink cabbage roses on a yellow ground. The sleeveless nightie is trimmed with ribbons and fine lace and has a brief matching negligée. By Taylor-Woods: negligée 7 gns., nightdress 6 gns., at Selfridges, & William Henderson, Liverpool

*Tiniest of the islands is St. Aloysios. No one lives there*

*now and the only building is the ancient chapel (left) where  
fishermen dry their nets and leave their tackle. They pray*

*there, too, on local Saints' Days for good catches*



Fitted negligée imported from France in blue nylon with lavish insertions of embroidery on the bodice which buttons tightly to the waist. The sleeves are full and elbow length and the negligée is worn with a matching nightdress. Available only at Dickins & Jones in London. Prices: negligée £7 17s. 6d., and nightdress £6 15s. 0d.

*Opposite:* Dual-layered white nylon printed with blue roses makes this negligée & nightdress by Angela Gore. Tying at the neck with broad blue satin ribbon the negligée has huge sleeves gathered at the elbow. Prices: negligée 12 gns., nightdress 6½ gns., at Woollands, London, S.W.1; Darlings, Edinburgh, & William Henderson, Liverpool







*Opposite:* Beauty at the helm in a billowing rose printed pure silk shantung dressing gown and a silk georgette nightie of the same design. The colours are turquoise on white. A present for surtax husbands only from Harrods, Knightsbridge. Price of the two pieces together £66 3s.

*Pretties for presents*  
continued

*The girl in the yacht Orion provides a link with an all-time champion: launcher of ships. On shore are the Argive plains from which Helen fled to Troy and legend*

For the daughter or niece who has already started to love pretty things a shortie nightdress of sugar-pink nylon trimmed with deep bands of matching lace. The price won't overstrain affection. The negligée costs 7 gns., the nightdress 5 gns. Both at Debenham & Freebody, London, W.1, where they can be bought separately





*Pretties for*  
*presents*  
concluded

*If the isles of Greece make grey London  
hard to bear you can reach them  
in a day by Swissair and there  
are nine flights a week. Return fares:  
tourist £100.16s., first class £133.13s.*



A present within the reach of the most hard-pushed relative is this Italian nightdress made of fine mist-blue lawn with an exquisitely embroidered yoke. It is ankle length and can be bought only at Woolland's. Price: £4 14s. 6d.

This nightdress is the companion to the pure silk satin dressing gown on our cover. The material is silk georgette printed with yellow roses on a white ground. At Fortnum & Mason only where you will find a wonderful range of luxury lingerie. Price: 73 gns. for the pair



# COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD  
MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

*wraps up the wrapping problem*

*Swiss paper in two tones of pink with white stripe and gold; 6d. a sheet, General Trading Company, Grantham Place, W.1*

*Angels in red, blue & gold on white, by Spicers: from 3d. a sheet, leading stores and stationers*

*Two Scandinavian designs—squared pattern on blue woven ground; trees, animals & stars on bright red ground: 6d. a sheet, Heal's, Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1*

*Wide stripes of midnight blue, silver, gold and white (also in other colours), by Spicers: about 3d. a sheet, leading stores & stationers*

*Narrow gold & white stripe (also in silver, pink or blue with white), another Spicer design: about 3d. a sheet, leading stores & stationers*

*Two Swiss designs—geometrical pattern in black, gold, scarlet and kingfisher blue; Father Christmases on donkeys: 6d. a sheet, General Trading Company*

*Gold, pink & tangerine angels & pink candles on black ground, Swiss: 6d. a sheet, General Trading Company*

*Christmas trees & stars in green, gold, silver & red on white: 9d. a sheet from Betty Hope, Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. Holly leaf labels to match, price 6d. each*

*Swiss design of geometrical shapes & gold chalices: 6d. a sheet, General Trading Company*





*The  
Social  
Alphabet* **S** *for strings*

*We're in rather a stew about Percy.  
Yes, he's made quite a nonsense of things.  
So I'm throwing myself on your mercy  
And hoping you'll pull a few strings.*

*You're an absolute wizard, old chappie,  
And we are in a hell of a stew.  
So I'd really be frightfully happy  
Just to leave it entirely to you. . . .*

*The odd hint in the relevant quarter,  
Or a word in the requisite ear—  
Don't you know the vice-president's daughter?  
If you did, we'd be bang in the clear.*

*Billy Bollinger might be disgusted  
If he bothered to listen at all,  
But can't Puffy Grog-Tippett be trusted,  
And won't Harry Half-Staggers play ball?*

*Old McIsaacs would know the position—  
Soft-soap him a bit if you can.  
What, you wangled his son a commission?  
Well, that settles it then—he's our man!*

*Poor old Percy will go off his rocker  
With relief, if we get them all right.  
I mean, honestly, though, what a shocker—  
Six tickets for Callas . . . tonight!*

*Francis Kinsman*





REGULARLY EVERY WEEK THE BARE BOARDS of a large pink-and-pale-grey painted room near Cambridge Circus resound to the athletic tread of a purposeful group that includes actors, actresses, directors, producers and writers. The object: to find a release from modern tensional strains, to re-educate the body and to combat fatigue. The method: a series of kicking, bending and stretching exercises designed to subject the body to the full range of natural movement while co-ordinating the mind. Instructor and proprietor of this "school without a name"—devotees simply call it Yat's—is 42-year-old Swedish-born Yat Malmgren (*seen alongside*) who has evolved his own special teachings based mainly on

the theatre's *Analysis of Action* plus the study of modern dance. Briefly these teachings prove that mental powers are affected by bodily movements and, conversely, that the body can become relaxed or tense through the mind. Yat cites as an example the man who has received a severe emotional shock, "... he sags, his shoulders droop... mental apathy is expressed in physical apathy. With modern life, its pace, its demands—apathies and tensions are everywhere. Equally, if a man is on the point of taking a decision, a straight spine and a deep breath will help to nerve him." Yat himself is an excellent advertisement for his theories. Former modern dancer and international

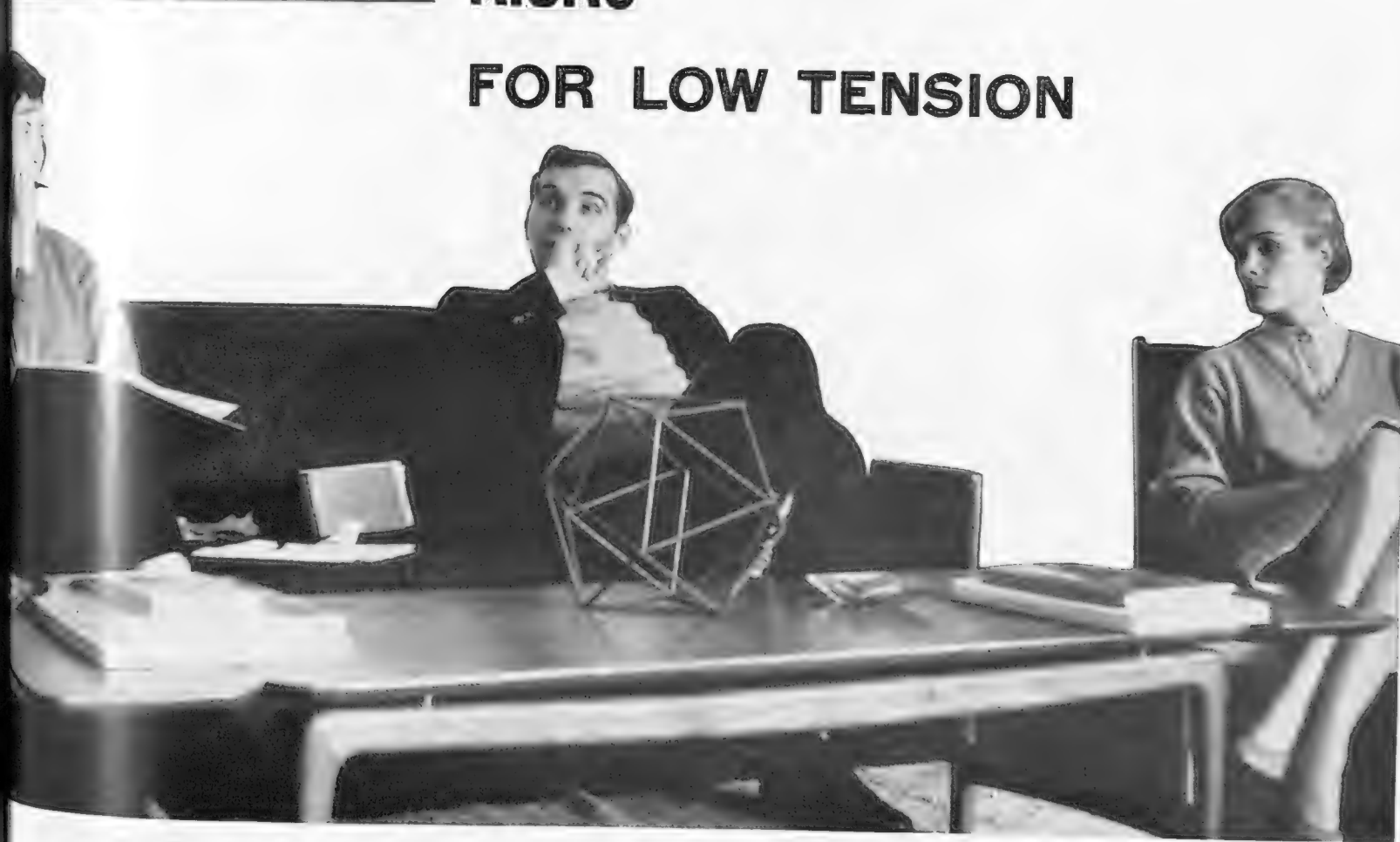
*continued overleaf*

## HIGH KICKS

Photographed by IDA KAR

Described by ANNE DE COURCY

## FOR LOW TENSION



Moment of calm at a school for relaxing the energetic way. From left: Delena Kidd, Leo Ciceri and Sylvia Kay





Blackboard lesson from Yat establishes the theory. This course is compulsory for all students



Correct posture & body control encourage positivity says Yat, seen here with Renee Asherson

choreographer—he won the Gold Medal for dancing at the 1938 Brussels Olympiad—he is 42 and looks no more than 28. His study of behaviour, movement and self expression is of special value to those connected with stage and screen and most of the pupils at the school—now the largest of its kind in London—are actresses and actors. Founded six years ago the school has a floating membership of 200—floating because many return to a class after a year's absence in repertory or a season on Broadway. Some come to the open class, some work privately, some study the theory only. Entrance fee is £4. This covers the first two lessons (private and compulsory) explaining the theory

behind the practice. After that it costs £1 a fortnight which covers up to four lessons in the open class. The lessons photographed on these pages went on for nearly two hours non-stop with Yat supplying a continuous flow of instruction and commentary and sometimes joining in the exercises himself. Past and present pupils include Renee Asherson, Diane Cilento, Anne Heywood, Maria Landi (who as top model Marla Scarafia displays the lingerie gifts on pages 614-20), David Knight, Sean Connery, director Tony Richardson and producer Peter Brook, novelist Elaine Dundy and film director Alexander MacKendrick (*Whisky Galore* & *The Sweet Smell of Success*).



Sylvia Kay, Sheila Robins & Catherine Feller watch a class in action. Exercises are a mixture

of dancing, gymnastics & therapeutic movement scientifically designed to relax body & mind

HIGH

KICKS

FOR LOW TENSION

*continued*



At the barre, Yat with Keith Michell & actress Maria Landi during limbering-up exercises before the class begins



Malmgren combines a flow of instruction & commentary with energetic practical expositions. Here in a class with Gary Raymond ("The World of Suzie Wong"), Keith Michell & Maria Landi



Yat with Oscar Quitak & (background) Michael Blakemore



Lessons too for U.S. film & TV actor David Knight

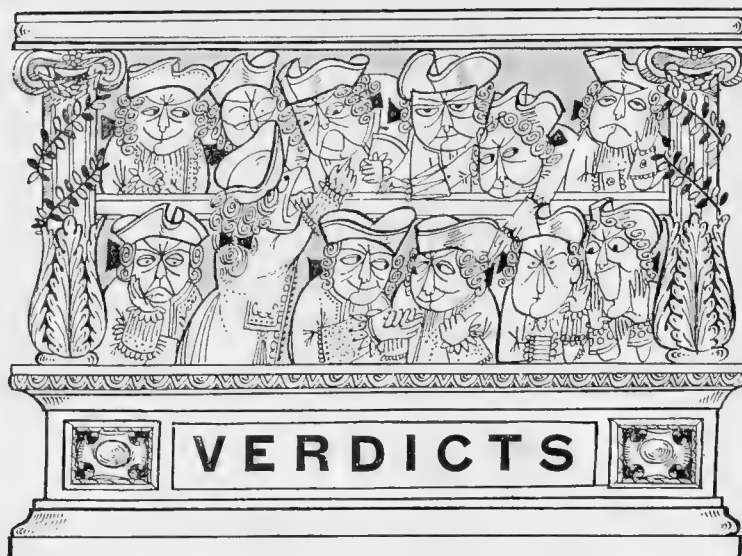


Natasha Parry is an enthusiastic pupil, her producer husband, Peter Brook, has studied there. Yat's theory helps actors interpret their roles in terms of movement



Concentration for Sylvia Kay (in black), Martin Lane & Catherine Feller (right) watching an exercise with other students





*The play* **ROSMERSHOLM**  
(Peggy Ashcroft, Eric Porter, Mark Dignam, John Blatchley, Patrick Magee). Royal Court Theatre.

*The films* **EXPRESSO BONGO**  
(Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms, Cliff Richard, Yolande Donlan, Hermione Baddeley, Meier Tzelniker). Director Val Guest.

**THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN**  
(Michael Rennie, Nora Swinburne, James MacArthur, Janet Munro, James Donald, Herbert Lom). Director Ken Annakin.

**THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN HAWKS**  
(Robert Taylor, Nicole Maurey, Linda Christian, Donald Wolfelt). Director Richard Thorpe.

*The records* **BAG'S OPUS** by Milt Jackson  
**AT MUSIC INN** by the Modern Jazz Quartet  
**THE HERD RIDES AGAIN** by Woody Herman  
**AT THE JAZZBAND BALL** by Pete Fountain

*The books* **QUEEN VICTORIA**  
by Helmut & Alison Gernsheim (Longmans, 50s.)  
**THE VODI**  
by John Braine (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 16s.)  
**TRAVELLING LIGHT**  
by Peter de Polnay (Hollis & Carter, 12s. 6d.)  
**I CAN TAKE IT**  
by Anthony Glyn (Hutchinson, 16s.)



## A beacon flares at the Royal Court

IBSEN NEVER SET HIS ACTORS A tougher proposition than the last act of *Rosmersholm* where the guilty lovers, now at one in their ecstatic understanding of each other, cast themselves "joyously" into the dark millrace. They have to carry the audience with them in an

exaltation of spirit that is perilously close to madness. If the springboard for this flight into pure tragedy has not been laid already, the actors are lost; and it is only in the early quiet scenes of the play that it can be laid.

Rebecca West must be made in

those scenes to be something more than the calm and self-contained lady residing at Rosmersholm in slightly equivocal circumstances. Otherwise as the intricate manipulations of retrospection unfold we shall find ourselves always a few steps behind events. It is vital that Rebecca should from the first, even while she busies herself with her sewing and the direction of her household affairs, strike us as a woman to whom something strange has happened and to whom something terrible will happen.

Dame Peggy Ashcroft's performance at the Royal Court Theatre has justly won general acclaim, and it is on the sure delicacy of her brushwork in the early scenes that her portrait is

living with the man she meant to use has had a wholly unexpected effect. His goodness has transformed the wild, craving impulses of her nature, and her desires have passed into a new dimension of love. She finds herself in the strange position of loving the man and accepting for his sake the ethical ideals he has inherited from the dead Rosmers.

The actress may thus be said to establish Rebecca almost before the part of the play dealing directly with her begins. When it has begun she brings a beautiful exactness of feeling to the successive revelations of her past—the dark relationship with her father, the half-unwilling way in which she lured Rosmer's wife into the millrace, and on to the



IN A HAUNTED HOUSE: Shadows of guilt and suspicion lie heavily on *Rosmersholm*, and affect the actions of those within it. Left: In words of cryptic menace, Rosmer's old tutor Ulric Brendel (Patrick Magee) warns Rebecca (Peggy Ashcroft) about her influence on his former pupil. Right: The malicious Kroll (Mark Dignam) probes in vain for the secret of the relationship between Rebecca and his brother-in-law Rosmer (Eric Porter).

based. We are instantly aware that this woman has lately undergone a conversion which her mind hardly yet understands. She has obviously reached a point of rest, but the actress leaves us in no doubt that this point has been reached only after tortures of the soul and that beneath her present serenity lies an apprehension that the tortures she has passed through may have been the prelude to yet greater ones.

Accordingly, we are in a position when the time comes to appreciate the exact nature of her conversion. For her own purposes she has moulded the intellect of the influential Rosmer—turning the impressionable clergyman from conservatism to liberalism, from orthodoxy in religion to free thought, helped to do so by the strength of her will and the power of her fascination and by the trolls and mountain witches that are in her far northern blood.

And then she has found that

turning point at which the wild Cleopatra of the fjords fell so surprisingly into love with Hamlet.

It has been questioned whether the actress, after all, quite brings off the poetry of the final catastrophe, but to my thinking Dame Peggy Ashcroft and Mr. Eric Porter do for the peculiarly Scandinavian resolution of events as much as English actors can be expected to do. Certainly she makes me believe completely in the courage and the honesty which make Rebecca's sacrifice a price that she is glad to pay.

Mr. George Devine's revival of this great play is skilfully directed, imaginatively set and magnificently acted, not only by the leading player but by Mr. Eric Porter as a really plausible Rosmer, Mr. Mark Dignam as the implacable Kroll and by Mr. John Blatchley as the odious Mortensgard. The Royal Court Theatre thus becomes a tall beacon in this lack-lustre autumn season.



## CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

### Mr. Richard, you've got a grievance

YOU SURELY CAN'T HAVE IT BOTH ways, I reflected while watching, with considerable incidental amusement, the screen version of Mr. Wolf Mankowitz's highly successful stage musical, *Expresso Bongo*. You cannot set out to satirize the whole shoddy business of inventing, building-up and exploiting teenage "pop" singers of microscopical talent and appeal, and at the same time cast as one of these wretched little monsters the young gentleman—Mr. Cliff Richard—who is currently (if I can believe the breathy reports of his fans) "top of the pops" and about to be paid some astronomical sum for his services in the coming year.

If the point of Mr. Mankowitz's original story was not that an unscrupulous but publicity-minded agent could make a mint of money by foisting upon an idiot general public a totally moronic, bawling, appalling adolescent—but must, in the course of the rat race, expect his protégé to bite off at the wrist the hand that fed him—then I don't know what it was.

Mr. Cliff Richards (though goodness knows I don't "dig" his dirges and guitarations) is just a little too good to be "sent up" in this sort of way. He seems modest, unaffected by his rise to fame: he behaves, if not precisely acts, acceptably before the camera and even I can distinguish every other word of any "number" he puts over.

In any case, do his devoted followers whose name is Legion, want to see their darling in a film

that guys him—and themselves? Somebody, with one eye on the box-office and only half an eye on the original work, obviously decided that young Mr. Richard would "bring the teenagers in." No doubt he will. What I ask myself is, how will the rest of the film—with its cynical implication that a cut-throat racket puts and keeps a caterwauler's discs in the Top Ten—send them out? Perhaps, if the penny fails to drop, they'll leave purring; it may be only an old square such as myself would feel like protesting "Unfair to Cliff!"

Mr. Laurence Harvey—the spring-heeled Jack-of-all-trades who sees easy money in the agency lark—has a good deal of slick, caddish charm (and an intermittent Yiddish accent) as the twister who creates big-time Bongo Herbert out of plain Bert Rudge (Mr. Richard) by bamboozling and bulldozing the Press, Mr. Gilbert Harding and a recording company. Miss Sylvia Syms is wistful and a bit squeaky as his girl friend—the simple-minded floosie from the strip-tease joint—Miss Hermione Baddeley is rightly endearing as the short-sighted tart overcome with embarrassment at having accosted an old friend, and Miss Yolande Donlan is altogether too appealing as the fading songstress, a bitch really, who grapples Bongo Herbert to her soul with hoops of dollar bills and bursts Mr. Harvey's Soho bubble just when it's looking its prettiest.

Mr. Meier Tzelniker makes, as he did on the stage, a fascinating

character of the recording company boss—an educated Tin Pan Alley-cat who loves classical music but is sharper than Mac the Knife in business. Still, the wickedest and wittiest performance in the picture is a brief one from Mr. Patrick Cargill as a twitchy psychiatrist on a TV "panel," tormentedly discussing the tensions of teenagers: at this I fell about with laughter.

Mr. Val Guest's direction is a trifle too busy for my taste—no song (except, of course, Mr. Richard's numbers) is sung without needless perambulation on the part of the singer and uneasy and unnecessary movement in the background. Incidentally, what a sad sign of the times it is that "The Shrine On The Second Floor"—the excruciating burlesque of the sickening, pseudo-religious type of tearjerker—is selling well as a stone-cold serious number! The singer and the recording company will naturally not weep over this—but I shed a tear for the lack of humour in the younger generation.

You will listen in vain for the Harry Lime theme in Mr. Walt Disney's *Third Man On The Mountain*. It has positively nothing to do with that comparatively modern menace but is a period piece (date, 1865, to be exact) about the conquest of a particularly forbidding-looking Swiss Alp known as the Citadel in the beginning and, if I am not mistaken, re-christened the Matterhorn at the end of the picture.

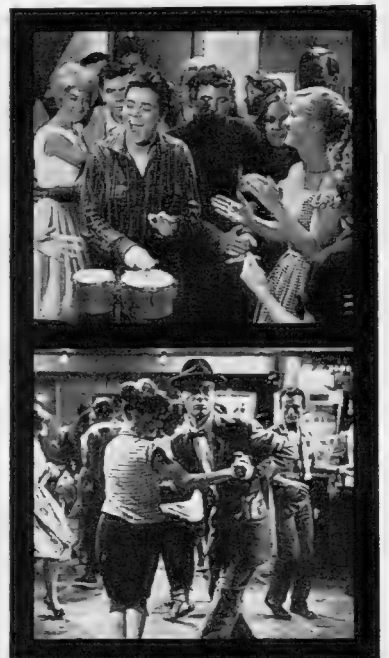
Young Mr. James MacArthur, as the son of a famous guide named Matt who perished on the mountain, burns to climb it, but nobody will give him a chance to try until he rescues a rich Englishman (Mr. Michael Rennie)—a greatly respected climber who has carelessly fallen into a crevasse while pondering how best to scale the Citadel.

Mr. MacArthur's mother (Miss Nora Swinburne) weeps, his stern uncle (Mr. James Donald) scolds and the villagers jeer when they find the boy has run off to join the Englishman's climbing party—and only his

cute and vivacious girl-friend Miss Janet Munro, and I, are not surprised that it is he and no other who finds the route to the top.

This is an extremely naïve film as far as the story is concerned, but those who enjoy mountain climbing, even vicariously, will undoubtedly find it thrilling. I, who have a horror of heights, came over quite dizzy as I watched the climbers ascending—clinging, fly-like, to the bare mountain-face, missing a foothold, swinging from the end of a rope and all that. The scenery is glorious and the photography magnificent.

*The House Of The Seven Hawks* has Mr. Robert Taylor, an American boat-owner, involved in a treasure hunt in Holland: with all the double-and-treble-crossing that goes on, involved is the word. Mediocre is another, equally apt.



EYES PEELED for talent, the exploiter (Laurence Harvey) gives in the sleazy Soho basement of *Expresso Bongo*. MOUTH OPEN in a teenage lament is his prey (Cliff Richard), surrounded (top) by enthusiastic fans

Magie 'Baton'

Trésor 'Pendant'

Trésor 'Tear Drop'

Magie 'Sphere'

Envol 'Amphora'

Fleches d'Or

PERFUME SUGGESTIONS  
FOR CHRISTMAS  
LANCÔME





## RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

### Jackson bags the vibes

I SUPPOSE IT IS BAD LUCK FOR anyone to acquire a nickname like "Bags," but for Milt Jackson it is the source of endless titles for his LP albums. *Bags's opus* (SAH-T 6049) presents Jackson, the fluent vibraphonist of Modern Jazz Quartet fame, away from his normal context, playing with two leading modernists, Art Farmer and Benny Golson.

I tend to shy away from the sugary tones of the vibraphone, with its built-in mechanically produced vibrato—an instrument which tends to dominate any recording session on which it is used. In this album, however, Jackson shows a marked determination to subdue his topky sounds to blend

with the other soloists. The six-piece group has some great moments—its members blowing their souls out without the embarrassed introspection so often prominent in this sort of session—trumpeter Farmer is exceptionally lucid.

In the past I have frequently eulogised the visiting tycoons of jazz before they arrived on our shores. When I heard that the Modern Jazz Quartet was once again in our midst I realised that it was too late to herald their tour, but it is opportune to recapitulate their recent activities. Scholarly John Lewis leads the group at the piano, is a prime exponent of contrapuntal development, and always succeeds in introducing an atmosphere of

sacrosanct chamber music to his Quartet's concerts. Both he and Jackson converse in complete sympathy, brilliantly backed by the most toneful bass player I have ever heard, Percy Heath.

Connie Kay fills the rhythm section with his distinctive drumming, occasionally precious, but always constructive and full of drive. A notable guest, Sonny Rollins, adds much to the group's overall scope in their latest album (SAH-K 6050), which portrays a live concert at the Berkeley School of Jazz in America, of which Lewis is a founder.

I have frequently emphasised the dangers of being side-tracked by pretentious jazz arrangements. Kenton's *The stage door swings* (Capitol T1166) boasts all the ready-made tricks, the flashy expert performance, but lacks feeling. He is a recognised experimenter, and as such has done many interesting things in the field of big band arranging. His right hand man for five years was Pete Rugolo, who joined the band as composer/arranger in 1945. Pete revives the best of the swinging Kenton pieces of that era in his own band's stereophonic versions (Mercury

BMS 17000). I like his sense of dynamics and admire the precision of the section work, but I feel that the progressions are away from the best roots of jazz. Similar digressions are the pursuit of the Sauter-Finegan orchestra (RCA SF5042), the brain-child of two talented but not over-jazz-conscious arrangers of the Goodman-Miller style. They call their album *Straight down the middle*—of what, one might well ask!

Then I heard Woody Herman's First Herd—he had several, but this was undoubtedly the best—and realized how little the modern arrangers have advanced since those immediate postwar days. Top Rank presents a grand reunion of Herdsmen (35/038) which proves my point more effectively than any words. This is imaginative big band jazz of a quality seldom heard today from any white band, but one must remember that Herman's Herd was a proving ground for many musicians who are stars in the contemporary scene.

Don't miss two excellent LPs, a mainstreamer by Ellington trumpeter "Shorty" Baker (GEP8772) and a contrasting Dixieland excursion by Pete Fountain (Tempo EXA93).



## BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

### Only the dogs were less than royal

WHILE I HAVE LEARNT OVER THE years deeply to distrust the truth you think you learn about somebody by studying photographs of them, it can't be denied that nothing is so hard to resist as a first-rate scholarly photo-biography (the recent one on Duse was a case in point). Helmut & Alison Gernsheim are practically founder-members of a new race of researchers called photo-historians—and may there be many more as good and thorough as this indefatigable pair. Their new book, *Queen Victoria*, is a marvellous collection of pictures of the Queen (some from royal albums), small as a sturdy little tea-cosy, looking frail and marble-shouldered in Winterhalter water-colours and plain and purposeful in the truthful family photographs.

The photographs are full of Albert (in Stuart costume, in—very oddly—full medieval armour, and frequently sombre and sorrowful in white marble), royal children, dressed solemnly as The Seasons or

sitting on ponies, their teeny faces squashed under great bee-hive hats and veils; and later, the royal daughters-in-law and sons-in-law and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, so that the sedate, carefully arranged family groups have to be sorted out into tiers. Everywhere there are ghillies, grooms, carriages, parasols, dogs with surprisingly humble non-pedigree faces, wreaths for Albert, black veils, great looming Landseer animals in frames, and rather splendid tartan furniture.

The portrait that is built up is an intimate, family one—the woman, emotional, unmaternal, domineering, demanding, bursting into cataclysms of tears at frequent royal weddings, obsessive about anniversaries, rather than the Sovereign. This is reinforced by the owlish, gentle-voiced text, sometimes just faintly aghast and often remarkably funny. My favourite episodes are the grand luncheon with bagpipes for the Shah of Persia, at which that

gorgeous monarch, flashing blindly with jewels all over including ruby buttons, expressed his keen desire to visit Scotland having read Queen Victoria's *Leaves* (which he had had translated into Persian), and ate great quantities of fruit; and the royal wedding at which four-year-old Little Willi of Prussia, unmoved by the Prince Consort's chorale being sung at the time by Jenny Lind, unpicked the cairngorm from his dirk, hurled it across the Chapel, and bit his uncles nastily in the knees.

The jacket of John Braine's second novel, *The Vodi*, suggests his publishers feel it is widely different in theme from *Room At The Top*. I'm not sure I see quite how, as its main concern seems to me to be with the problem of how to go out and beat the fellow with the big, fast car and the awful bullying way with waiters when you've got tuberculosis and the girls don't look on you as a success-merchant. I never really got a picture of the struggling hero, morosely contemplating one buxom bosom after another at close and frustrating quarters, since he seemed so thoroughly eclipsed by his background and surroundings.

I had a very happy time with *State Barges On The Thames*, a long barge-shaped picture-book with scholarly notes and introduction, full of gorgeous pictures and most handsomely produced.

It's hard to imagine that anyone could still bring off a successful

light book about the splendour and miseries of travelling abroad, but Peter de Polnay has done just that in *Travelling Light*. His stories are hauntingly funny, his tone elegant with a hint of violence and a slight snarl, his worldly wisdom shatteringly convincing. He is a natural, hypnotic writer with an enviable gift of barbed irony, and every page of this deft little book is written with craft and charm. (Personally I am all for books having charm of style and manner, and I feel it is a pity to despise it as something strictly for the old reactionary middle-class library-list birds.)

Having for many years nursed a mad passion for the idea of Finland and the fact of Moomintroll, I was already warmly prejudiced towards Anthony Glyn's *I Can Take It All* before beginning to read it. The hero, a cheerful hustling young man in the timber business, full of confidence and a drive to become one of the Joneses, goes to Finland on business and becomes heavily involved with sauna baths, the profound Finnish neurosis, and a ravishing fey girl called Blanka with aluminium-coloured hair who draws a strip-cartoon featuring a cosy troll called Lonk. There's a lot of nice jolly sex on shelves in sauna huts, and bedrooms and kitchens while omelette-pans burn, and after a good deal of heart-searching and coming-to-realize, love finds a way. It's written in a chatty, feet on the mantelpiece style, and is perfectly amiable and painless

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## Hair—the gay additions

### BEAUTY

by JEAN CLELAND

PARTY HAIRLINES ARE TAKING A NEW turn with Steiner's *Wigini*—a new-comer to the list of hair extras which includes the *perukes*, *brôntes*, *griffes* and *fantasies*.

A *Wigini* is a hair piece mounted on an Alice band—used for the front of the hair, it matches or contrasts with natural hair colour.

Hairdressers report that these ideas for dressing-up the hair are popular, especially for evening. Young people go for them in a big way. "They do not take them seriously," I was told. "They regard them as party gimmicks and like them because they are amusing, and give a new slant to the appearance." In addition to his *Wigini*, Steiner has made a *Spray Tiara* which lights at the touch of a switch from a concealed battery—for the adventurous young.

Vidal Sassoon believes that mink is a girl's best friend. In one picture he uses a white wild mink at the back of the hair to match the cape worn over an evening dress. In another, a band of natural mink encircles the chignon.

Inspired by the film *Solomon & Sheba*, Raymond has some new styles with an Eastern flavour. He uses heavy costume jewellery with side pieces curving over the ears, called *Favoris*.

Hair colouring is now an established feature of current hair-dressing. At West End hairdressers, rinses, tints & high-lights are as important as make-up. New colours are constantly added to those already in use, some are subtle and effective.

However good these tints and rinses are, most hairdressers agree that they tend to have a slightly drying effect. It is advisable to counteract this with a conditioning cream, and non-drying shampoos. When hair is naturally dry it may be necessary to have an occasional course of conditioning treatments to keep it glossy and well nourished.

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PASSPORT

by DOONE BEAL

## Dalmatian odyssey

MOST OF THE ADRIATIC STEAMERS which ply between Venice and Athens call at four ports in Yugoslavia: Rijeka, Zadar, Split and Dubrovnik. Each of them therefore is an accessible base, as little as 24 hours away from London if one flies out to Venice.

With the (considerable) exception of Dubrovnik, of which I wrote last week, none is a resort in its own right. But each has its satellites of small coastal villages within a few miles, some indeed with only one hotel, but all of them treasure troves of the off-beat simplicity that is getting harder and harder to find.

First port out of Venice is Rijeka, the port for the bigish resort of Opatija. But I would press on from here a little farther north up the coast to Moscenicka Draga. This was one of the nicest villages I saw, with a small but newly modernized hotel, the Miramare, and a charming terrace restaurant nearby. Just enough diminutive bars to make an evening's work, and the great advantage, if the bright lights do lure you, that Opatija is only 20 minutes away by bus or car. There is nearly a mile of pebbled beach and sparkling clear water. Moscenicka Draga is devoid of trappings and beach huts, and undressing on the beach is a commonplace and uninhibited performance! The view across the water to the grape-blue mound of Krk island, the sweep of the bay of Rijeka behind it, is staggering—as indeed is most of this wild, beautiful coastline.

Slightly farther south are the villages of Kraljevica, Crikvenica and Novi Vinodolski. Of these, Crikvenica (the prettiest) has several hotels, the best being Miramare and Therapia. Kraljevica has only two; and Novi, one B class hotel, the Lisanj, with its own beach.

Zadar, mid-way down the coast, is not in itself particularly attractive because it was so badly bombed during the war. But it has for me one treasured memory—the café group—consisting of the local head of fisheries, the bank manager and another civil servant who gave an impromptu but lusty after-dinner rendering of the Peers' Chorus from *Iolanthe*—in Serbo-Croat. Whether they ever knew the original words or their implication I shall never

find out. But Yugoslavia is the land of the unexpected. And as a matter of fact the café singing is one of the peculiar pleasures of the country; the men sing naturally and magnificently in chorus, like Welsh miners.

Local steamers link Zadar with Opatija in the north and Split in the south. On the way, we called at some pretty little ports on islands just off the coast such as Olib, Silba and Ilovik. Alas, they must remain for the moment virtually the preserve of yachtsmen because there is practically nowhere to stay. However, really keen fishermen are prepared to put up with the tiny hotel in Pag (on the island of the same name). A local custom is to grill the catch over a bonfire on the beach. Such a picnic can be laid on for you together with the hire of the boat. The fishing all round Zadar is excellent. And if this, or sailing, or exploring the islands is your objective then Zadar is a good centre; but in terms of a resort, don't expect too much of it.

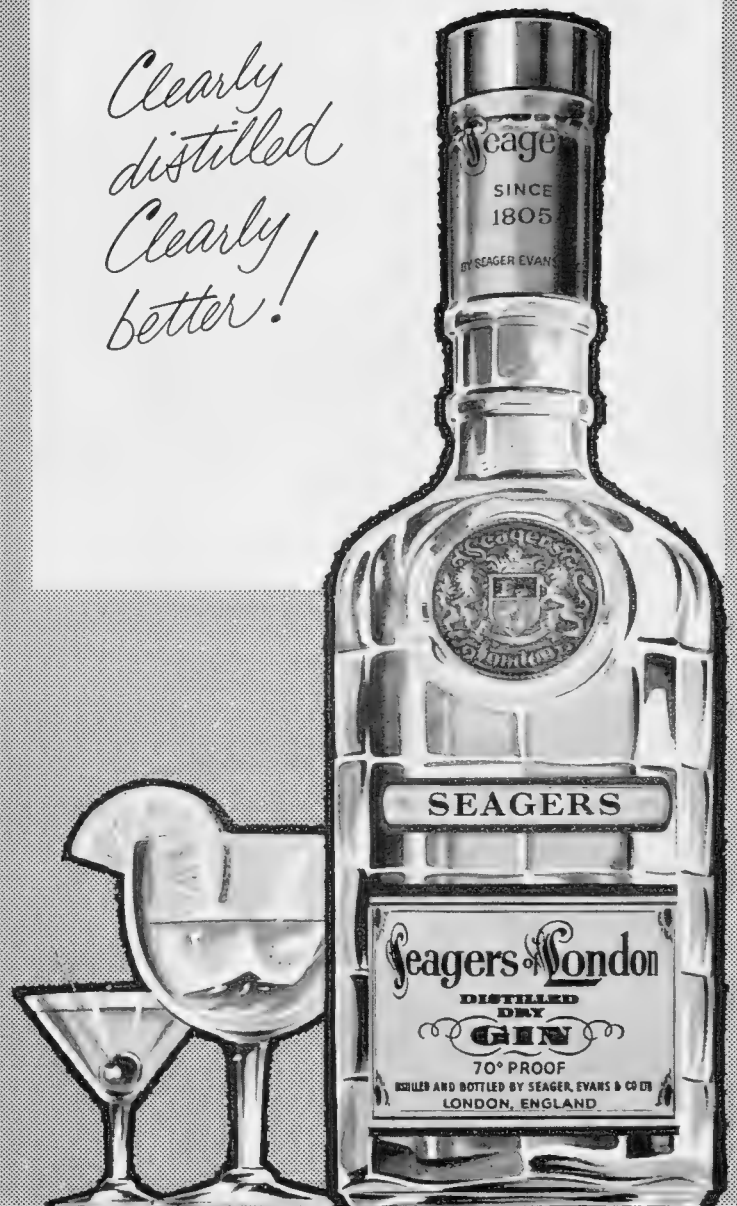
The main coastal steamers call in at Split just long enough for the briefest of looks at Diocletian's Palace. Unless you can spare a couple of days ashore, I'd almost say don't bother, because it is such a pity to try and see it that way. A summer spent mostly travelling in Europe has left me with an impatience of the attitude that ticks off its "cultural sights" so meaninglessly. However, you won't regret spending the time because Diocletian's Palace is surely unique of its kind in the world. Few people realize until they see it that it encompasses the whole of the old city within its walls—or, rather, the city that grew up inside them.

Split itself has not a great deal else to offer, but only half an hour away, at the head of an estuary, is the superb little town of Trogir. It dates back to 300 B.C. when it was a Greek colony, and is full of 13th- and 14th-century buildings as well as some early Venetian. Save the Romanesque cathedral for an incense-scented Sunday morning. The chapel of St. John, with its altar and statues by Donatello's pupil, Nicholas of Florence, is hardest of all to leave, and the organ at High Mass chills the spine. I am

*continued on page 635*

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PASSPORT *continued*

not the first to observe that religion sometimes flowers far more impressively on barren soil than in the greenhouse of its cultivation. Climb to the top of the cathedral tower for a wonderful sight of mellowed roof tops, secretive balconies and little bridges connecting one house with another. If I stayed in the area, I would choose the tiny resort of Castel Stara, virtually centring around one hotel, the Palace. It has a good beach, and is only 10 minutes away from Trogir—a place one wants to go back and back to.

Fourth stop along the coast is Dubrovnik. Just south of it are two more small villages, Mlini and Cavtat, both of which are beloved by painters. Mlini has only one hotel-pension (but it is adequate, I am told), and a perfect pocket handkerchief of a beach bordered by olives and cypresses. Cavtat is set in a lovely harbour with good beaches on either wing, all pines and palms which miraculously grow together. It has enormous charm. Here in all truth is the potential Portofino quality that people who knew Portofino as it was have been looking for ever since. Its cafés are still local and unpretentious, and it was bliss to sit in the shade of a tree by the water's edge, drinking wine by the carafe. Each house has its own orange and lemon trees in the garden. The Cavtat and the Epidaurus are the two chief hotels, and both are recommended to me by people who have stayed there. Of all the small places I have listed, I'd give this one the highest score. Dubrovnik is an hour's trip by launch.

Communications between these various points in Yugoslavia are remarkably uncomplicated. Apart from the alternative of the good main road that links Zadar and Rijeka (five hours by car), and Rijeka with Venice (about seven), most transport is by sea. The main coastal ships take 24 hours from Venice to Dubrovnik, and small steamers radiate from each of the ports. Not, perhaps, at the most

convenient of times since they are geared to local traffic. I left Zadar in the misty dawn but nobody minded me completing my sleep curled up on a bunk in the ship's dining saloon. And I had a lunch that would not have shamed many a West End restaurant. I talked, virtually in sign language, with a most agreeable Yugoslav electrician. Our conversation about politics punctuated by black coffee and *slivovitz*, was summed up neatly by him when he tapped his blue-shirted torso. "Blue," he said. "No good. Red"—(my lipstick). "No good either. But white," and he flicked the corner of the table cloth in triumph, "white, all right!" He then surprised me by a rare flash of poetry in not so broken English, as it began to thunder. "Ah, he said," gazing heavenwards, "here we have the music, but not yet the wine...!"

Try to travel light in Yugoslavia (indeed there is no need to do anything else), because the porter situation can be casual. I have emphasized the primitive quality of some of the hotels. In the small villages, you are unlikely to get a private shower or bathroom, and in some cases lucky to get a bath at all. But they are clean, and I beg intending visitors to take me at my word when I say that for "primitive," do not read "uncivilized." Yugoslavs are heartwarming anxious to please, and if what is quaintly referred to in one hotel brochure as "flying water," fails to get off the ground, you may be sure that somebody will do something else about it for you.

So far as civilization in the literal sense of the word is concerned, there are churches and monasteries that people make pilgrimages to see. And I can only repeat that for simple and unharried enjoyment of beach and sunshine, coupled with small café life—at some of Europe's lowest prices—it is in the unbeatable class.

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Trogir dates back to a Greek colony in 300 B.C.

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SUSAN LUCINDA (one year) with her mother. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Wall, who live in a 15th-century house at Poling, near Arundel.

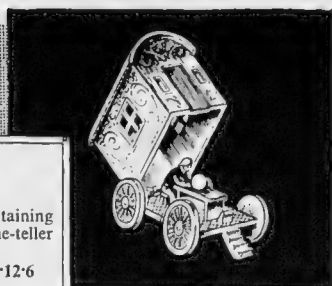
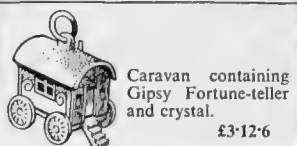
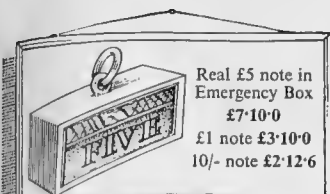
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BABIES



THE HON. CHRISTOPHER MARK DODSON (two years). He is the son of Lord & Lady Monk Bretton, of Conyboro, Lewes, Sussex.



MATTHEW (six), LOUISA (one and a half) and the twins DEBORAH and PARIS (four years) children of Capt. & Mrs. R. D. Hutton, of Langley Grange, Loddon, Norfolk.



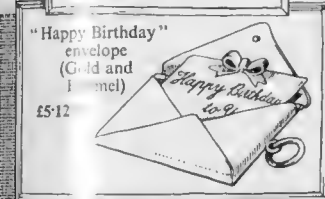
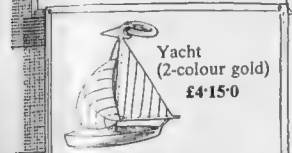
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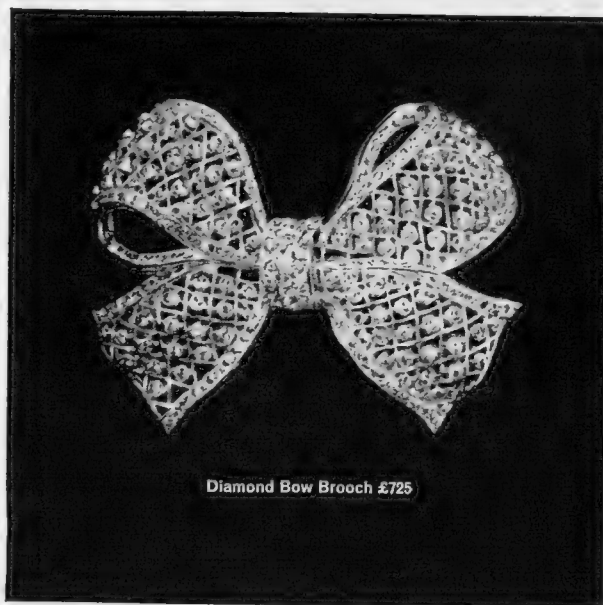


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## MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS

# Now fit your own treads

THE MAN WITH GLASSES IN THE photograph (alongside) is Giuseppe Lugli and with him is Carlo Barassi. They are two leaders of the technical team responsible for the most remarkable tyre development for many years; the Pirelli BS3 with replaceable tread. Barassi is a remarkable person. A brilliant skier when young, he crashed in a downhill race, blinding himself in one eye, but finished the race. During the last war he broke out of a prisoner of war camp in Kenya solely for the purpose of climbing Mount Kenya, having done which he returned to camp. He must have seemed a logical choice for the tricky task of test driving with a revolutionary but unproved development in tyre design.

The result, now available in Italy, and soon to be made in England, is a tyre with three separate tread rings which can be replaced when they wear out at little more than one-third of the cost of a new tyre. A motorist can fit the new treads himself; it is not even necessary to take the tyre off the wheel. As the tread rings are backed by steel cords, the possibility of punctures is reduced. You can take off your summer treads and put on a different set designed specially for winter weather. When ice and snow arrive you can even insert hard steel spikes which are gripped between tread rings and give a grip comparable with that obtained on normal surfaces.

Rally drivers have been using steel spikes in normal tyres for years, but they can cause local overheating which ruins the tube if used on dry roads for any length of time, as several crews found to their cost in this year's Monte Carlo Rally. The Pirelli design should delay this process if it does not fully cure it.

Spikes apart, it is claimed that the new tyre has much better cornering power than conventional tyres and gives much lighter steering, which should reduce the effort required to park a heavy car.

This is the latest of a series of technical developments which are focusing interest on tyres. Once they were taken for granted. Now

the experienced driver looks to see what tyres are fitted before driving an unfamiliar car. It is specially important now that we have our first motorway, for the tyres fitted as standard on the average car should not be used for sustained speeds of over 85 m.p.h. unless they have been inflated to about 6 lb./sq. in. over normal pressures. Even then, as I have found recently, they cannot stand up to it on some cars, and grow alarming blisters which quickly destroy the tyre. In other cases the damage may be an all-round distortion which passes unnoticed on casual inspection but causes severe vibration at speed.

For sustained fast driving it is therefore advisable to have special speed tyres. These usually have nylon cords in the casing. Nylon is used in practically all aircraft tyres and in the Dunlop R5 racing tyres which have helped to establish British supremacy in motor racing. Nylon is extremely strong, highly resistant to heat and moisture and highly elastic. It therefore runs cooler than other casings, and can be run at a lower pressure for the same speed, giving a more comfortable ride and increased contact area. Being strong for its weight, it also helps towards producing lighter tyres. But it costs more than rayon and much more than cotton, which was once unchallenged as the material for tyre cords.

Another annoyance with nylon-cased tyres is their tendency to acquire flat spots when standing overnight, which give a bumpy ride during the first few miles in the morning, and a lot of research has been done in the search for a cure.

Another significant tyre development is the reinforced tread which gives a much increased cornering power. The Michelin X was the pioneer development in this field. The tread is reinforced with wire mesh, which presents a high resistance to lateral distortion, so that cornering speeds can be increased in safety and an unusually flexible casing can be used, giving a most comfortable ride. The Dunlop Dura-band is the latest development

employing a similar principle. The point to watch with tyres of this type is that they give little warning when approaching the breakaway point, and an unskilled driver who takes too many liberties with them on fast corners can suddenly find himself in a difficult predicament.

One of the big unsolved problems is how to eliminate the spare wheel and save all the space it takes up in the luggage trunk or under it. In the United States a lot of work has been done on what are known as compartmented tyres. One design is a tubeless tyre with an inner diaphragm which is uninflated. If the tyre is punctured, you connect a small gas bottle which is carried in the toolkit and blow up the diaphragm to form a sort of inner tube to get you home. Another type of tyre has inner and outer compartments which are inflated through separate valves. If the outer compartment is holed, the inner one takes the load. But so far there is no simple way of telling when the outer compartment has been punctured and so the driver can continue unawares overloading the inner compartment.

Another approach is a more compact type of spare wheel. A slim flat disc with a solid rubber tyre which bolts on alongside the punctured wheel is one idea. Another is a disc with a slim pneumatic tyre like a motorbike tyre. They would cost much less than a conventional spare and take up about half the space, but on some modern cars they so upset the steering geometry that it is impossible to control the car with one of these spares on except at very low speeds indeed.

And finally, the reign of rubber as a tread material may not last indefinitely. One American company is already making tyres of butyl, which costs 20 per cent more than rubber. They claim shorter stopping distances, longer wear, and total absence of squeal when cornering fast.

The modern tyre has a critical influence on road holding, riding comfort, noise within the car and other aspects of car performance, and there is still plenty of scope for development.



A BS3-equipped car makes a sharp horseshoe turn on the ice-rink at Cortina. The other car, with normal tyres, slid off when half-way round

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by HELEN BURKE

## Wintertime classics

IN THESE DAYS OF BUSY-NESS, AND little home help, dishes which take time to prepare and/or cook seem to be displaced by those which can be cooked in a matter of minutes. These, generally, are good, because quickly-cooked foods must, in the raw, be of the best quality. All grills come under this heading. Everyone knows that only the best steaks, chops and cutlets are suitable for grilling—or as the Americans say “broiling.”

But for those of us who have the time and urge, the less used, less known and often less expensive cuts are the ones which produce the robust, hearty dishes desirable at this time of year. I am thinking of

pickled leg or hand of pork and boiled silverside (to be served with dumplings), classic dishes in this country, which will also provide a good stock for soup if the meat has not been too long in the brine.

Much of the brine can, of course, be soaked out and the man to tell us how long the meat should remain in the clear water is the butcher who has done the pickling.

Try to find a butcher who uses a traditional brine. Some of the newer ones do not give the delicious flavour we associate with pickled meats.

Pickled leg of pork (the more choice of the two) is almost too large for most families nowadays, but a pickled hand of pork, approximately 4 lb. in weight, served with pease pudding, is a wonderful dish. Failing it, use pickled lean streaky pork. Wash the meat, soak it long enough to get rid of excess brine, rinse it again and place it in a pot large enough to take it and the vegetables which go with it.

Cover with cold water and slowly bring to the boil. Boil for 8 minutes, skim, then reduce the heat and simmer gently, allowing 30 minutes per pound and 30 minutes over—that is, 2½ hours. Even a little longer cooking will not be amiss.

After the pork has been cooking gently for 1½ hours, add several

medium small whole onions, 3 to 4 quartered large carrots, 3 quartered good-sized parsnips and the light green top of a head of celery. When adding these raise the heat momentarily, then reduce it, and continue simmering until the end of the cooking time when the vegetables should be perfectly cooked.

There was a time when people insisted on dried split peas for pudding. Today, however, we can buy pea flour as finely sifted as cornflour. It saves something like two hours' cooking time. I mix a packet of it with just enough water to moisten it, add a nice lump of butter and cook it for 10 minutes. I leave it to cool a little, then beat into it 1 or 2 eggs, very little salt and plenty of freshly-milled pepper. I turn it into a well buttered pudding basin, cover with wetted grease-proof paper or aluminium foil, stand on a trivet in boiling water reaching half-way up the basin, and boil, covered, for ¾ to 1 hour. Serve the pease pudding with the pork and vegetables, together with a little sauce.

For this, bring ½ pint of the strained stock to the boil. Moisten 1 teaspoon arrowroot with a little water, stir it into the boiling stock and it will clear at once and the sauce will be ready to be served.

A hand of pork should serve eight to ten people.

Remembering that we are nearing party time, I have been playing with some of my own cold sweet recipes, adapting and altering them into new ones. I have just made a delicious light and fragrant Pineapple Mousse.

For it, a 19-oz. can of undiluted pineapple juice is required. Turn half of it into a pan and sprinkle 1 oz. best quality powdered gelatine over it. When this is well wet, pour in the remaining juice over the back of a spoon. Dissolve the gelatine over a low heat, never having the liquid hotter than the finger can bear.

Have ready, beaten together, 3 egg yolks and 2 oz. vanilla sugar or caster sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence. The mixture should be light and fluffy. Stir the pineapple-gelatine juice into it. Leave to become cold, then add ¼ pint double cream, whipped to the soft peak stage. Stand the basin in a larger one of cold water and surround it, if possible, with ice cubes. Fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites.

Turn into a large dish or individual dishes and decorate with angelica and *glacé* cherries and/or crystallized fruit cut into small shapes.

Because it is rich, this sweet, served in small portions, will be enough for 15 people.

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alternate sandwiches and banquets, he is letting Union-Castle chefs coax blissful sanity back to his digestion. He is *not* looking forward to wearing a stiff collar again. But when he does get his sun-tanned knees in their City trousers under a City desk again, he will romp through his work at a good rate of knots. *Mare*, as the doctors say, *nostrum*.

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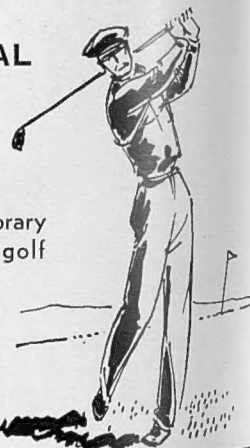
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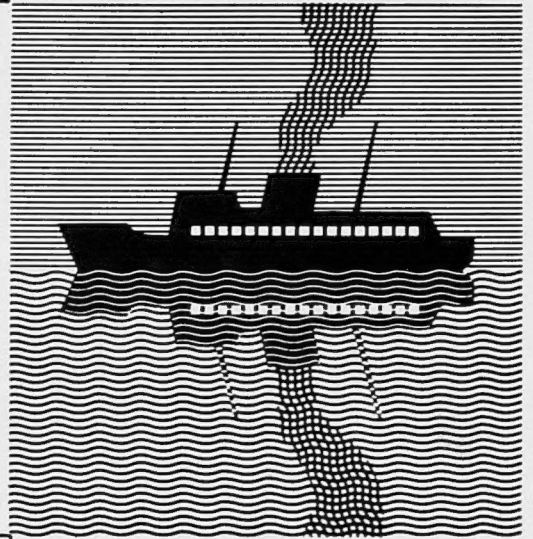


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